REBELLION DEFEATED;

OR, THE

FALL of *DESMOND.*

A

TRAGEDY.

By *JOHN CUTTS.*

Oft is it known, a Jargon full of Pomp,
Rants, Jests, and Similies of Day and Night,
Extort Applause from the presuming Mouths
Of Ignorance, until the Roof ev'n burst;——
And sweetest Nature in Angelick Strains,
Too, too refin'd for their dull partial Ears
To catch the lovely Sense——flows on unheeded.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, in the Year 1745.

(Price 2 s. 6 d.)

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TO

FREE-BORN ENGLISHMEN,

Friends to LIBERTY,

TRADITY.

Especially to thofe Gentlemen in the Affoci-
tions, eſtabliſhed for the Defence of their
Country.

MIGHTY DEFENDERS,

HE noble Zeal you have exerted
in Oppoſition to
Schemes of FRANCE
limitation of you

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(Price 3 d.)

1457
37

TO

FREE-BORN ENGLISHMEN,

Friends to LIBERTY;

AND

Especially to those Gentlemen in the Associations, established for the Defence of their Country.

MIGHTY DEFENDERS,

THE noble Zeal you have exerted in Opposition to the destructive Schemes of FRANCE, explains a manly Imitation of your dreaded Ancestors, and must transmit heroick Lectures to Posterity--I am in Raptures at the Thought,--and wou'd describe Particulars, but fear to be condemned for Adulation, which my Soul abhors.--

Nor shall I apologize for laying my Attempt in Drama at your Feet, yet crave your Patronage,---being conscious of intending well, at least,---and am chiefly Miserable in not having Power to effect more real Service to my Country.---Go on, brave Worthies, in your bless'd Pursuit, 'till fir'd by your Example, each lukewarm Subject shall not only sing *God save King* GEORGE ;---but with his Fortunes, Faculties, and Life, support his Sovereign's Glory in the Defence of Liberty :--And 'till the Faithless Continent shall humbly own, no King had e'er such Subjects,---no Subjects such a King.

I am,

(Dear Lovers of Liberty, and the Protestant Religion)

Your equally devoted Fellow Subject,

And Obedient Servant,

JOHN CUTTS.

To the READER.

I being expected I ſhould give ſome prefatory Relation of the Plan or Hiſtory of my Play---as well as my Memory will aſſiſt me, I will lay it down;---having had no Books to refer to, ſince I have preſum'd to write, for a melancholy Reaſon.

About 1582, *in the Reign of Queen* Elizabeth, *at the Inſtigation of* Saunders, Allan, *and* Blake, *Jeſuits, a Rebellion broke out in* Ireland, *headed by* Gyrald Fitz-Gyrald, *the eleventh Earl of* Deſmond *from the Patentee, to whom and his Poſterity were granted all the Royal Privileges in the Palatinate of* Kerry, *excepting four Pleas, viz. of* Burning, Rape, Foreſtall, *and* Treaſure-Trove,-- *a kind of petty Prince.*---*The* Deſmond *who is the Subject of my Theme, was immenſely Rich and greatly Powerful, in ſtrict Alliance with the* Pope *and King of* Spain, *who aſſiſted him with their own Forces, which landing in* Smerwick, *fortified a Place was call'd* Fort del Ore,---*but on Intelligence that Lord* Grey, *Deputy of* Ireland, *was marching to oppoſe them, they evacuated the Fort, and betook themſelves to the Valley of* Grandelough, *a Place difficult to come at; yet by the Aſſiſtance of one* Coſby, *who was converſant with their Receſs, the Loyaliſts overcame them, put all the Foreigners to the Sword, and hang'd the Natives, except* Deſmond, *who eſcap'd that Death, but was kill'd by the Hands of a common Soldier, in or near a Cottage in a Wood; where alſo two of the Jeſuits were found dead, and in their Pockets ſome Manuſcripts of Importance to the State.*

Note, *Five hundred Gentlemen of* Deſmond's *Name and Race, were all kill'd, in three Years, in the Defence of his two Rebellions, for the former of which he was pardon'd at the Inſtance of his Lady.---But the Hiſtory which I have read, makes no Mention, that I remember, of his having a Wife at the Time of the latter.---I could wiſh it had.---*

Note alſo, *Captain* Kirthby, *a former Adherent to the Rebels, revolted to the Loyaliſts at this Juncture.*

Thus much for Hiſtory,---and as it barely furniſheth with Matter for a Play, I hope my introducing fabulous Characters (ſince they contain their Morals) may be acceptable.

If

To the READER.

If you condemn my Figures, Stile, or Numbers, for being bad--- rather wonder at their not being worse! as they are the Production of a Man unlearned in Language, unskill'd in Verse, train'd up in Trade, exempted the politest School of genteel Conversation, first by a slender, then a reduced Fortune.

If Gentlemen who can well distinguish, wou'd point out my Errors, I wou'd with Gratitude return them Thanks.---- If little Carpers nibble at a Mood or Tense, let them produce more Nature more correct!---and upon my Honour be assur'd (having been so ill us'd in this) I'll write no other Motive of their Rage.--- If Jesuits or bigot Papists are disgusted--- upon my Villainy and Fortune I will become their Advocate.--- If it is ask'd, why I exhibit in Print, and not upon the Stage, I answer---A Gentleman of most distinguish'd Character, and like the New-England *Man in* Hudibras, *with a double Capacity to entertain the Town,--having wrote on a relative Subject, and had Interest to get the inimitable Piece perform'd,--- but I had not Friendship or Justice enough to have mine read, but by private Persons, whose various Opinions are as follow.*

The First who had my Production under his Inspection, objected to the Propriety of Men of differing Perswasions frequenting St. Paul's, *or the* Mall.

The next labour'd out a Condemnation of my Stile and Numbers, yet said it was a well-wrote Piece, and extremely well-tim'd, but in the Close of his Letter, that he knew nothing of the Matter.

A Third denounc'd the Work damn'd for being too redundant of moral Reflection.

A Fourth, that it would have been exceeding good, but it was very bad.

Others agree, it will best plead for, and explain itself---Therefore I appeal in Publick to the World,--in Hopes some more nobly generous Souls may still approve my Play, commanding it to live,--or by some other Way raise its disappointed Author from his dull Obscurity, into more active serviceable Life.

A PROLOGUE

Intended to Rebellion Defeated; or the Fall of *Desmond*, *A* TRAGEDY.

By Mr. ROBERT MORRIS.

WHEN Vice in Greece *ran high, th' instructive Stage*
Reprov'd the Crimes of each degen'rate Age;
And Rome, *by bless'd Example taught their Youth,*
The Ways to Honour, by the Paths of Truth.
They shew'd the Hero, Virtuous, and the Brave,
And mark'd the Coward Vicious, and the Knave.
Ev'n sceptr'd Tyrants, pictur'd to the Sight,
And foul Rebellion—in its baseſt Height.
Our modern Bard, in Imitation Sings,
What mighty Woe from Pride and Priest-Craft springs.
How Treason lurks through all the Papal Train;
How boldly headed in Eliza's *Reign.*
When haughty Desmond *dar'd to disobey,*
Usurp Command, and spurn'd the Laws away.
Then Valour soon destroy'd his Rebel Bands,
And the great Traytor fell by Loyal Hands.
For great Men then—were from Corrupting free,
And turn'd aside with Scorn,—the venal Fee.
The beauteous Fair serenely, firmly stood,
In virtuous Innocence they dar'd be Good.—
Such Times!—recorded to Eliza's *Fame,*
Tyrants bow'd down, and trembled at her Name.
So may our foreign Foes with Terror own
The Sovereign Pow'r, and Good of George's *Throne;*
And ev'ry secret Villain to the State,
And ev'ry Rebel meet with Desmond's *Fate!*

PERSONS Repreſented.

QUEEN's Party.

Lord Grey, *Deputy of* Ireland, *General of Queen* Elizabeth's *Forces.*
Caſtus, *a Gentleman.*
Cavenaugh, *Son of* Mackfrenzy.
Captain Kirthby *and Soldiers revolt from the Rebels.*
Mackveer.
Æmula, *Wife of* Mackveer, } *Daughters of* Caſtus.
Ablabia, *Wife of* Cavenaugh, }

REBELS.

Gyrald Fitz-Gyrald, *the eleventh Earl of* Deſmond.
Mackfrenzy, *a Man of great Fortune.*
Saunders, }
Allan, } *Jeſuits.*
Blake, }
Two Gentlemen and Peaſants.

REBELLION *Defeated*, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Avenues in a Wood leading to Earl* Deſmond's *Seat in* Ireland: *A Cottage in View.*

Enter CASTUS *and* MACKVEER.

Mackveer. CASTUS, what complex Ruin threats the Land!
The faithleſs Great, ſhift from the weaker Side!
The wretched Vulgar (prone by inherent Curſe
To murmur at their State) accuſe, then cringe,
And ſupplicate for ſtrange Variety!
—DESMOND, the *Rebel* now,—they cry,—God ſave him!
—And ſhou'd another ſtart,—they'd give him Bleſſing;
—High Heav'n preſerve us! theſe are dreadful Thoughts.

Caſtus. He vainly lives who truſts the Populace.

Mackv. *Deſmond!* great Earl!—why is his Soul thus charm'd
With frightful, rude Rebellion? which to mine
Seems horrid as Deſpair attending Guilt!
Why is he not content? Wealth meets his Hands;
The whole Palatinate of *Kerry* calls
Him Lord, and ſtoops ſubmiſſive to his Will!
All *Ireland* marks the Valour of his Soul,
And, in juſt Cauſe, would ſtudy to advance
His Honours;—Heav'n has certainly ordain'd
Our Lives and Country loſt, by him who might
Support them:—Oh! I tremble as I think.

Caſtus. Baniſh thoſe horrid Thoughts! Oft have I known
Rebellion, in its baſeſt Force, cruſh'd down
Beneath its Weight, and ſink within itſelf:
The *Engliſh* too have much ſuperior Souls,
To ſubſtitute their brave Authority
Of Conqueſt, to the Madneſs of Rebellion!
Or half the Globe, ſhou'd it at once aſſail them.

Mackv. Vain Thoughts! when their mean eaſy Souls repoſe
Their Liberties in baſe ſuſpected Hands.
Caſtus. Suſpicion ſprings from Meanneſs of the Soul;
Yet our unequal'd Queen, ELIZABETH,
May have her Sceptre ſhuffl'd from her Hands,
And beg for Life of mercenary Pow'r;
If ſhe deludes herſelf, by giving Ear
To baſe-ſoul'd Creatures, flatt'ring to deceive!
But if ſhe ſtill conſults her Nation's Good,
Her Nation's Pow'r will ſtill ſupport her Throne,
And act upon rebellious Multitudes
As a Meridian Sun diſperſes Clouds,
Which riſe, to fall, a Service to the World.
Mackv. If *England* ſtudy'd to maintain her Rights,
Why ſhould Delay impoſe upon our Hopes?
Why is the noble GREY ſo ſlow in Arms?
If his Commiſſion reach'd t'impede their Aims!
The Rebels grow in Pow'r!—there have been ſcroll'd
In a blood-thirſty Liſt, of *Deſmond*'s Name
And Family, five hundred reſolute,
And diſcontented Thouſands Ruin taught
By *Saunders*, *Allan*, *Blake*, ſuch Jeſuits,
As Pride and Beggary can prompt to Ill!
[*Enter* Cavenaugh *liſtening*.
Our Sovereign's but a Queen!—her Council's mean,
Her General's poor,—an empty Treaſury!
All Hopes I've loſt, all Miſ'ry I expect.

SCENE II.

To them CAVENAUGH.

Caven. Ceaſe, ceaſe, *Mackveer*, be manly, and aſſiſt!
For ere to-morrow's Dawn, the Interval
'Tween Life and Liberty, Slavery and Death,
May be expir'd;—unſheath your Sword,—be arm'd,—
Fight for your Country! you'll defend yourſelf,
If ſtill its Friend:—If turn'd a Foe,—bluſh! ſhrink
At the Reflection of your baſe Reſolves!
Rouze ſleeping Honour up! and dare be brave!
Mackf. Heaven's Mercy reach me! what ſhall I do?
Caſtus. Son *Cavenaugh*, you're too warm; what do you mean?

Caven. The laſt Tide drove into *Smerwick Kerry*,
Such Reinforcements to the Rebel *Deſmond*,
As threat Deſtruction to the defenceleſs Land.
Mack. From whence?—who?—Heavens! I think I hear them.
Caven. *San Joſeph*, an *Italian* General, leads
His Nation's Forces, and the *Spaniſh* join'd,
All diſciplin'd and brave!—Such,—ſuch, my Friends!
'Tis Honour to contend, 'tis Virtue to deſtroy.
Mack. Grace and Forgiveneſs!
Caven. Miſery to your Fears!
Caſtus. Cool, *Cavenaugh*, cool!—let us think how to act!
Caven. Think how to act?—I have already rais'd
Vile Fear, at *Smerwick*, to defend our Rights:
Send through the heedleſs Land Alarms of Death!
Nay Traitors!—baſe Rebellion!—Each free Soul,
At the unholy Cry, will thirſt for Vengeance;
Ev'n Cowardice will riſe, and Danger ſcorn;
And Meekneſs will grow wild, to ſhare the Shock
Of War, and murmur at Delay;—the Brave
Is always brave,—who, killing as he dies,
Diſdains the fatal Hand!———
Caſtus. Brave Youth! *(Aſide)* haſte *(Pointing at ſeveral at ſmall Diſtance)* there, my *Cavenaugh*, and inform
Thoſe Friends!—They'll ſpread the News:—*Deſmond* e'er now
Is on his Walk—Fain would I once more plead
His Safety's Cauſe, and ſtop Deſtruction's Arm;
I'll take a little Turn, and wait you here.
(Caſtus *and* Mackveer *go out.*
Caven. Oh could I meet the Traitor! I'd ſo plead
My Country's Cauſe;—his Heart ſhould feel my Pleadings.
—My dear *Ablabia* comes! I muſt not truſt
My Reſolutions, to the Power of Love! *(Goes out.*

SCENE III.

Enter ABLABIA *with a Cabinet of Rarities.*

Abla. What could my *Cavenaugh*'s early Riſing mean?
But Men have always Reaſons for their Wills!
Lords of the World—how can They act amiſs!
—Why ſhould my ſimple Nature dare complain!
—Reports, indeed, make Rebels frightful Men;

Yet ſince—ſure they can not ſo debaſe themſelves,
To injure thoſe who never thought them Harm:
Who pray their Good,—and the gay Morn revives;
Whilſt Birds and Zephyrs laviſh in the Groves;
Here I'll amuſe till my dear Lord returns.
(Opens the Cabinet. Enter Æmula liſtening.
Amazing Scene!—this Foſſil!—how like Life!
(She reads the Hiſtory of it, in which it was wrap'd.
—A deep-learn'd Man, ſearching cloſe Nature's Hoards,
When this his Eyes beheld, ceas'd from his Work,
And cry'd, I'm more than paid!—then rais'd his Thoughts,
And thank'd the Sun for Light; and worſhipped
The Earth for this:—How exquiſite a Taſte!
(Æmula comes forward.

Æmul. Leave, leave, *Ablabia*, this thy fruitleſs Search,
To ſportive Infants, and to doating Men!
Survey the Wonders of cœleſtial Worlds!
The wiſe Oeconomy of Heav'n, on Earth!
In Seaſons, Elements, Life, Sleep, and Death!
Your own Exiſtence ſearch!—behold your Frame!
Invert your Eyes! inſpect your wond'rous Self!
What Organs, Faculties, and Pow'rs attend
The Soul;—how Reaſon, Will, and Conſcience rule
In Turns;—yet Reaſon pleads for Good, to-day;
For Ill, to-morrow;—Conſtitution ſways
Our Wills; and Conſcience, but in few, deters
From doing Evil, though it exclaims when done!
Then raiſe your Heart to Heav'n, from whence all ſpring,
And pray for virtuous Knowledge!—do not loſe
Yourſelf! and trifle out your Life!

Ablab. I ſtand reprov'd;—but I am young to you:
I pray'd for general Good, this very Morn;
My dear, dear *Cavenaugh*, left me ſo abrupt;
And my Amuſements but unbend my Thoughts;

Æmul. Unbend your Thoughts, in hoſpitable Cares!
Thoſe Virtues will reward themſelves:—Will theſe
Gewgaws relieve a Wretch in Wants? inſpire
Munificence of Soul?—Foh! I'd diſcharge
Such ſuperficial Trifles from my Sight.
But ſee our Father, and my Huſband there!
Your's too is here.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To them, enter CAVENAUGH.

Caven. Home, Ladies, Home! or you'll be Fleſh for Prieſts;
Drunk, mad, and bloated up with Fiſh, and Force-meats:
Such Prieſts I hear;—to whom the moſt deſtructive
Women, are Angels;—even Hell is match'd!
Enter Caſtus *and* Mackveer.

Æmul. Cool, *Cavenaugh!* or, at moſt, command your Wife!
I know no Fear:—My Soul ſwells great as your's,
To ſerve my Country.—Oh for a Change of Sex!

Mackv. Dear *Æmula!* Home is the ſafeſt Place;
There we will pray, the Rebels Hearts may turn.
Hark! they are there!

Æmul. Then ſtand on your Defence.

Mackv. I tremble ſo; the Thought of 'em confounds!

Æmul. Conquer your Fears, or give your Sword to me!
I will protect you, guard you 'till I fall;
And if this Arm ſhould fail, this Heart ne'er ſhall.

Caſtus. What's brave in Man, in your fair Sex is bold;
Aſſumption vain!—Nature, your weaker Nerves,
Prohibit Arms, and purpos'd you for Love;
You diſobey, in leſſening your Lord,
And challenge Heaven, on his meeker Soul;
Proud Madneſs 'tis, to glory in ourſelves!
The high Importance of our Country's State
Demands our ev'ry Thought—*Cavenaugh*, avoid
Extravagance of Rage!—a Mind compos'd
Feels all its Joys, ev'n makes Affliction void:
Looking out.) But my dear Friends I've waited for, in view!
Follow me, or continue at your Choice!
(Caſtus *and* Mackveer *go out.*

Caven. *Seeing* Mackfrenzy.) My Father there! ſtrict Duty ſhall attend. (Cavenaugh *goes out.*

(Ablabia *ſtands confus'd on* Cavenaugh's *going, then follows* Caſtus *and* Mackveer.

Æmul. 'Tis blaſting Diſobedience to arraign
The Conduct of ſo good,—ſo wiſe a Man!
A Father too!—But my whole Drift, no more
Than animate a drooping Heart, and free

The

The higheſt Reaſon of the loweſt Fear:
—But hark!—high Words,—*Mackfrenzy* curs'd his Son:
Monſter of Man!—fain would I hear the Cauſe.
(*Draws aſide.*

SCENE V.

Enter MACKFRENZY *and* CAVENAUGH.

Mackf. I'd give my Fortunes to a Beggar's Brat,
Before a Croſs ſhould ſave you from Perdition.
Caven. Of what ſtrange Crime have I been guilty, Sir,
That humbly craving Pardon won't atone?
Mackf. Guilty! of what your Life's Conformity
To my future Will, would not,—ſubverted
My Deſigns,—linking your Life with *Caſtus*'s
Daughter!—Chit!—an immature one!—who had ſcarce
Preſervatives from the external Air!
And ſide my Foes, and fight againſt your Father!
That,—that, low Wretch! exaſperates my Soul:
Such Crimes with me ſhall never meet Forgiveneſs.
Caven. Oh Father, Juſtice with Severity!
Mackf. Juſtice!—Oh thou dull puny Soul,—ſcorn'd Wretch!
View me with Horror!—ſtartle at yourſelf!
To join with ſpurious Poverty!—forewarn'd!
Such Choice! curs'd Deed!—my Curſes on your Banes.
Caven. I'm join'd with beauteous Youth, and virtuous Senſe;
One whom I knew I lov'd, before I vow'd:
If that's a Crime, free Choice amongſt the Brutes
Is only found,—Virtue to Avarice
Muſt drop her Head;—and Offspring's only got
To cool the Blood of Youth,—Affection lives
No more!—Did not you love my Mother, Sir?
Mackf. Your Mother! yes, Sir: She was of high Birth,
And Fortune, with bleſs'd Faculties and Charms!—
Inſulting!—Curſe on the Compariſon!—
Begone, baſe Wretch, for ever from my Sight!
(Æmula *comes forward*, Cavenaugh *penſive.*
I caſt you off!—embrace your Miſery! (*Goes out.*
Æmul. Diſorder'd! mad! miſguided Man!—Don't droop,
My *Cavenaugh*!—Fortune hath her various Turns:
Summon yourſelf! defy her Pow'r!—rouze up,
And prove you can endure the worſt of Ills!

You'll

You'll prove a Man indeed!—Some of my Sex
Deject, cry out their Grief, and are at Eaſe;
Shake off Surprize and Fear!
Mean well! and let worſe come!

Caven. How various is the Stage of human Life!
Whilſt the high Tide of Fortune buoys Man up,
He ſcorns Diſmay, and Comforts of Advice;
Shift but the Scene! th'exulting Wretch ſinks down,
An *Atlas* to a Worm!—ev'n now my Soul
Engroſs'd aſpiring Thoughts;—and now, cold Fears
Intrude;—from Bliſs to Want;—Oh what a Fall!
The gilded Trappings of a Coward Boy,
Lures the high State of Pow'r;—but who regards
Pure Merit in Diſtreſs? ev'n Hope forſakes
The wretched *Cavenaugh!*—But what mean thoſe Sounds?
(Muſick heard.

Æmul. Some Men of *Smerwick* march to join Lord *Grey.*

Caven. *After a ſmall Attention.)* Oh Muſick! Offspring of Divinity!
Parent of Peace!—whoſe Melody can charm
The rudeſt Tempeſt dumb; ſerenely ſmiling
At the Breaſt of Silence;—and reconcile
Bewilder'd Madneſs to the Laws of Reaſon!
Oft have I liſten'd to thy magick Flights,
Till my attentive Mind forgot her Cares;
And in the ſweet Captivity was bleſs'd.
How ſtrangely chang'd!—now it will not avail;
But as a ſecond Shower on the Earth,
Softens my Soul, to take a deeper Stamp. *(Penſive.*

Æmul. Let not your Fears fore-run your real Ills!
'Tis wrong to murmur, ſhould they preſs you down;
Think who's Content is palac'd in a Cottage!
Whilſt the frail Soul Ambition ſways, falls bound
In the huge fretting Chains of his Deſires!
So gloom'd with Sorrows,—he's to himſelf a Dungeon.

Caven. How eaſy 'tis to be a Monitor
Of Good!—but one diſgrac'd with Poverty,
To be content,—how difficult the Taſk!

Æmul. I muſt come nearer him, or loſe him quite: *(Aſide.*
How a ſmall Change of Fortune alters Man!
Cavenaugh, you are not yourſelf;—an Hour's ſcarce paſt
Since you at *Smerwick* juſtify'd our Laws,

Our

Our Liberties,—then you defy'd a Hoſt;
And now art dwindled to the meaneſt Wretch,
Who, doubting Heaven, fears to want on Earth!
I thought I had Friendſhip in a loftier Soul!
A Woman, Sir, undiſciplin'd in Arms,
Wanting a better Shield, wou'd wrap my Garb
Upon this Arm, and dare to fight, and die,
In the Defence of glorious Liberty.

Caven. And wou'd not I?

Æmul. Words only are produc'd.

Caven. You've prais'd my Youth, now vilify my Manhood!
—Suſpect me Coward!—Death!—I'd rather bear
Ten thouſand Stabs, than bear that hated Name!
For ſaying half ſo much, a *Cæſar*'s Mouth
Should ſay no more than Oh!—or mine be cloſ'd;
'Tis not I fear to die; I fear to live
In meager, peaceleſs, deſpicable Want.

Æmul. Draw out your manly Sword, and carve your Food!
High Merit in bad Times will meet Reward:
The Sword's *Fitz Patrick*'s Fortune!—if you bow down
Your nobler Faculties to his,—then!—

Caven. Bow down to Hell!—you've touch'd the Spring that ſtarts
Up Reſolution:—I will away,
And prove *Fitz Patrick* dares not caſt his Eyes
On Dangers I will court;—and that he mounts
By having friendly Pimps, or Paraſites,
Too near Authority!—By other Means
I'll riſe, or fall triumphant with thick Slaughter:
Oh for an honourable Life,—or Death! *(Goes out.*

Æmul. Wretches accuſtom'd to forego Diſtreſs,
Triumph in Want, ev'n chooſe their Miſery!
Great Souls in mean Affliction, bear indeed!
Deſpair, and Vengeance harraſs 'em in Turns;
And did not Honour rouze their Lethargy,
They'd dream of Horrors, and awake perform 'em!
The Mole beneath the Earth creeps thro' her Life!
The Lynx outſtares the Sun, with equal Senſe
To do, without the Knowledge of their Acts!
Exalted Beings various Tracks purſue,
Steer and direct their Compaſs at their Will;
And ride out Tempeſts, and are loſt in Calms!

Nature

Nature her trivial Works at firſt began;
Juſt form'd the Brutes, thus ſignaliz'd the Man.
My Father here!——Heaven preſerve his Life!

SCENE VI.

Enter CASTUS.

Why, Sir, is *Mackveer* abſent from his Friend?
Caſtus. His Fears, poor Man, confine him to his Room.
Æmul. Unhappy Spirits!—yet he is my Huſband;
I'll try to give him Comfort, raiſe his Thoughts,
And make him worthy your adopted Son.—*(goes out.*
Caſtus. Thank Heav'n, ſome Virtue ſtill is left on Earth;
Souls who ev'n ſhudder for their guilty Foes;
Yet ſcorn to fear;—my expected Friends,—are Friends—
—But in the uncurb'd Nature of our Beings,
Baſe, feeble, diſcontented Man!—Unit
To Millions!—Atome to Infinity!
Who bears reluctant the minuteſt Wrongs;
Or moves direct, for Vengeance on the Offence;
Yet would ſnatch Diſpenſation from the Hands
Of Heaven, and foreſtall his God!—vain Worm!
—*Deſmond*, oh, may Heaven humble!—try him
When friendleſs, moneyleſs, without a Houſe,
Or Food, or Garb, in a bleak frozen Night!
Then ſee his mighty Soul, how it would bend
For the dry Fragments of a Beggar's Scrip;
A Fire of Kecks—nay, ev'n unlair a Beaſt,
And take his reeking Bed!—now having more
Than e'er he can enjoy, would poſſeſs more,
Than ever he can have. *(penſive.*

SCENE VII.

To him ABLABIA.

Abla. Oh Father, ſhun the approaching Ruin!
Earl *Deſmond* feeds the Rebels with his Gold,
To bribe Deſtroyers, and to purchaſe Death.
Caſtus. Why fears my Child, aſſiduous for me?
My Age neceſſitates, my Death draws nigh;
Oh bleſs'd Releaſe, from Frailties, Fears, and Cares!

Uſher to endleſs Bliſs! with Joy I'd ſtand
A Target to thy Aim, and thank kind *Heav'n*
Diſmiſſing me, this wretched,—ſinful Earth.

Abla. Diſdaining Life!—Oh, Sir, upon my Knees
I beg, you will embrace the Means of Safety.
There are baſe worthleſs Lives enough to fall!
Let not our Hopes deſpair, and Virtue mourn!
Seek not!—ſeek not Deſtruction—Oh my Father!

Caſtus. Riſe, tender Child, the Will of Heav'n be done!
If to defend my Country, is to ſeek
Deſtruction;—I am in a virtuous Search!—
Ev'n at theſe Thoughts, ſomewhat like Youth's quick Fire,
Glows in my Blood, renews my Strength, and prompts
Me to the manly Taſk.

Abla. If you ſhould fall, who will *Ablabia* bleſs?
Who tenderly rebuke, indulgent teach,
And fondly love?

Caſtus. Be ſatisfy'd in *Cavenaugh!*
Chear him with virtuous Love! he'll prove your Friend,
Your Huſband, and your Father:—See, he comes!

Abla. Heav'ns! in the mean Habit of a Soldier!

SCENE VIII.

To them CAVENAUGH.

Caven. Father, my Duty to you; Wife, my Love!
I can't act either better, than with this;
(pointing to his Sword.
This Habit too, well ſuits my Circumſtance;
For Beggars to affect Gentility,
Is out of Character.

Abla. You are no Beggar.

Caven. What more?——here's all the Fortune I command;
My Father's Will has diſinherited
A loyal Son, and given his Birth-right
To rebellious Strangers;—now muſt I kill,
To live;—or ſtand Spectator, and be ſtarv'd;
Up Honour!-out mean Fears!--and farewel Wife!

Caſtus. While you take Leave, I will prepare myſelf. *(goes out.*
(Cavenaugh *going.*

Abla. Oh do not leave me thus!—let me but ſpeak!

Let

Let me repeat your Vows!—look down upon me,
My dear *Cavenaugh!*—leave me and I die!

Caven. Like one attack'd by Conſcience, and Impulſe
Of Will, each ſeeming right, and each abſurd,
I ſtand confounded, pauſing for a Choice;
By going, I may earn my future Joys;
By ſtaying, loſe th' Eſteem of thinking Men;
And what's the World, without a virtuous Name?
Fit Dungeon for baſe Souls to hide their Thoughts in;
To wear down Looks, and ſtartle at their Shades;
And without Liberty, a Goal indeed!
I've touch'd my Soul,—my Country will I ſerve,
Though ſure of all the Terrors in the Field
To blaſt me;——and ſhou'd even *You* ſtand by,
And want my Help,—I'd leave you for a ſecond Taſk.

Abla. Harſh Terms!——unnatural Reſolution!
Oh where can I be ſafe, but in ſome Cell,
Dark to the Sight, and grievous to the Soul!
Where moaping Melancholy ſways, and ſtrikes
Imagination into horrid Pauſe;
To ſtart and tremble by reſult of Fears!
And live a wretched Life:—for if I court
The Light, ſome brutal Man, maded with Vice,
May ruſh on poor me unguarded;—wreſt my
Unable Strength,——then! oh where ſhall I find
Protection?——I am unworthy yours!

Caven. Ceaſe, ceaſe infeebling my Soul! Had you
Rather ſee me a ſupplicating Wretch,
Crouching at the curs'd Preſence of a baſe
Uſurper, and implore my Rights,——than draw
My Sword, and ſtab him with Prevention?
Inglorious Thought!

Abla. For you I wou'd endure an Orphan's Wrongs;
Reproaches of the Ungrateful;—
And be as quiet as Content,—joyfull as Innocence.

Caven. More than I'd do one Hour,
To rule the World an Age.—At Peace, or you'l offend.

Abla. Impute my Offences to Love's tender Fears:
For from your Peace flows mine; and from your Grief,
My Woes;—you're Subject of my every Thought;

The Bound of every Wiſh;—can you then leave me?
Oh if you do, I ſhall ſuſpect your Love.—
Caven. Doubt you my ſacred Honour in my Love?
—Obedience, Madam! I am determin'd.
Abla. Then poor *Ablabia*'s loſt. (Caſtus *at a ſmall Diſtance.*
Caven. Riſe, and behold a Man—your godlike Father!
Who loves you as himſelf, his Country better:
I'll act like him who is by Heav'n directed;
And here's the greateſt Blemiſh of my Sex,
Led by the brighteſt Ornament of yours;
—Let her Example teach you: we will aſide.
(*They draw aſide.*

SCENE IX.

Enter MACKVEER *and* ÆMULA.

Æmul. How! ſee your Country tottering to fall,
And not aſſiſt to prop her glorious Rights?
You'll dwindle from the Honour of a Man.
Mackv. Is this your promis'd Reſignation?
If you will give me Peace, deſiſt!—you rend
My Heart more than cou'd Rhetorician's Art,
On a diſaſt'rous Theme, or Widow's pangful Tale;
To fight,—to die,—to die,—oh Heavens! to leave
My Angel, to the rough Uſage of ſome mad,
Some bluſt'ring Hector,—ſuch whom I fear, and hate;
I cannot bear the Thought,—I cannot fight;—
Why ſhould I fight?—Want comes not near us:
Oh deareſt *Æmula*, let us avoid
The diſmal, deathful Horrors of the War!
Let us to *England*,—there we may be ſecure;
And love, and live, till theſe bad Times are paſt.
Æmul. What! barter Liberty for low Enjoyments?
Bear the baſe Scourge of Uſurpation,
For a mean lazy Interval of Eaſe!—
Were I a Man,—I'd rather fall a Victim
To a Coward Boy, than breed ſuch narrow Thoughts:
But if you will hide yourſelf, t'avoid only
The Chance of War, and harbour Legions
Of more dreadful Foes—Fears, Doubts, faint Hopes, Deſpair;
Hide with that ornamental Sword, and ſtab

Your

Your Shadow!—You avoid a Remedy,
—And chuſe the Plague.

Cavenaugh *and* Ablabia *come forward.* *Enter* Caſtus.

Caven. *Mackveer!* you've got the Ague in your Soul;
It plays the Puppets with your Nerves:—chear up!
Cou'd not you run a naked Rebel through?

Mackv. —Yes,—yes.

Caſtus. *Cavenaugh*, be tender to deſpiſe!—
Mackveer's a Prieſt by Function;—Fighting's not
In Character with him;—Heav'n too forbids
The Sameneſs in our Spirits, or our Faces;
He may aſſiſt our Cauſe, by humbling down
Such ſtubborn Hearts, your Sword can never reach.
You, I enjoin the Duties of your Sex. [*To* Æmula.
But my Thoughts wander from our own Concerns,
To nobler Purpoſes;—to general Good;
Still have I hopes vain *Deſmond* may relent.

Caven. What, when ev'n now, he mock'd your Reaſonings,
And ſpurn'd you from his Preſence?—give the Wretch up!
He is not worth your Thoughts, but to deſtroy.

Caſtus. Confuſion, Vengeance, Pride, then rul'd his Soul;
Meekneſs ſucceeds, the Frenzy of the Brain;
And well-tim'd Reaſons, ever are approv'd;
Theſe are the Motives of my juſt Attempt;
Moſt virtuous pleaſing Taſk, for Man on Earth!
To reconcile the Guilty to be good:
Repentance, War, Plague, Famine can diſmiſs;
And fill ev'n Heav'n with more than uſual Bliſs. (*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *In Earl* Deſmond's *Park, his Seat in View, and a Wilderneſs on one Side.*

Enter DESMOND *and* CASTUS.

Deſm. MY high Authority deriv'd of Heav'n!
Laws diſannull'd;—what can controul me then?

Caſtus. Conſcience.

Deſm.

Desm. Pish! what is that to Right divine?
Castus, Awaken'd, 'twill in turn assume its Right,
And charge your Soul with Breach of Fellowship;
Then ask you how you'd bear, what you'd inflict.
Desm. The mighty *Nimrod* justifies my Cause!
Applauded *Cato* too, had *Cæsar* been;
But Opportunity escap'd his Drift;
And all great Souls must do what they abhor,
To be above the Vassalage of Life:—
Enough!—I will go on, (Objections to the Dust!)
And either not be, or be Soveraign.
Castus. Think, mighty *Desmond*, think!—pure Virtue falls
A Sacrifice to Pride, when Man presumes
To justify his Guilt.—Know, e're too late,
What Murthers, Havock, you intend the Land;
Under the Colour of defending Rights!
Desm. Vile Worm to Earth!—Nature points out a Chief;
And Morals ratify with high Acclaims,
Who dares to conquer Baseness, dares be good;
And Goodness can prescribe no partial Laws;
I'm justify'd in my mature Resolves;
What Treason to object!
Castus. Think Man eternal!—and superior Thrones
Will trace involuntary Foibles down,
And balance Vices, but by Virtue's Weight!
Then what meer Madness wou'd it be, to bear
Eternal Punishment, for transient Bliss!
Desm. Poh Preacher!—Man be criminally good?
Sincerity avows my righteous Cause,
And apostolick Benediction chears
My Soul, with sure Success on Earth;—and pure
Cœlestial Recompence hereafter;——
—Rebellion lurks beneath those grisly Locks;
—Repentance to thee, Wretch!—If I hear more
Of your audacious Thoughts, I'll study
To perplex, torment, destroy thy stubborn Heart;
Hence from my Sight, and learn Obedience!
Castus aside. Oh Vanity of self-depending Man! (*goes out.*
Desm. Upbraid my Conduct even to my Face!
Ungratious Age! I tremble at his Pride;
But my Confessor *Saunders* this Way comes;—

I'm

I'm unprepar'd for Inquiſition,
And avoid his Lectures. *(Goes out.*

SCENE II.

Enter Saunders, *meeting* Allan *and* Blake, *Jeſuits in Lay-Habits.*

Saund. Dear Brothers, *Allan*, *Blake*, all Joys be yours!
How ſeem the Diſaffected, who adhere
To the *Engliſh* Queen? thoſe Objects of our Hate!
Blake. Good Brother *Saunders*, no ſuſpicious Eye
Has yet croſs'd mine; ſure downy Indolence
Prevents the roaring of the THINGS in Poſt,
And keeps their Rabble dumb;—or they themſelves
Have Orders giv'n to aid our Enterprize.
Saund. Be it ſo, or not, few will ſuſpect us here.—
Should they ſuſpect their Teachers, ſoon they'd taſte
Of the forbidden Fruit, and know—to ſcorn us:
They're not ſo taught, they reverence *our* Garb,
And aid us in the plund'ring of themſelves.
Allan. Yes,—the curb'd Poor, whoſe Duties we enjoin,
With vengeful Zeal, when Dangers threat the Church,
Though but to part a Relick of St. *Jude*,
For Conſcience ſake, would ſtab their Feeders Hearts;
But what they can avail, naked, unarm'd,
And ſtarv'd, muſt be our Pleas among the Rich.
Saun. Men of ſound Faith will give their All,—and more,
Will plunder Hereticks for Heaven's ſake,
And place their future Truſt in us.
Allan. Had we
The Gold, ſome *Engliſh*, ripe for a Revolt,
Would chearfully advance!—oh how we'd live!
With gay Diverſities in pamper'd Eaſe,
Indulging our luxurious Souls,—we'd live,
But with Exceſs!
Blake. We!—and bleſs no other's Hands
With our Acquirements?
Allan. Yes, Captain *Kirtby's*,
He'll be our Guard; and Soldiers will have Pay,
Or Plunder.
Saund. Bound by ſolemn Oath, to each
Our Brethren in this Miſſion, equal Share.

Allan.

Allan. By Oath! — you who ſo oft with florid Tongue
Prove Vice and Virtue have an equal Grace,
When ſuits Occaſion, or the Mode of Times;
That Morals damn, and Faith has ſhifted off
Its primitive State, — now boggle at an Oath?
You'll bring Diſgrace on our Profeſſion;
You'll derogate from the Standard of our Cloth;
Wilt thou a Daſtard be? What is an Oath?

Blake. An Opiate for Souls, to ſtupify,
And lull Men into Snares; — hah! hah! that e'er
A Form of Words ſhould charm ſuſpicious Brains! —
Oh wondrous Oaths! which ſeem to bind, but give
More Freedom than free Nature takes.

Saun. Ceaſe, ceaſe, — I but propos'd a Trial of your Thoughts;
You've both expreſs'd the Dictates of my Soul.

Blake. But to confirm our ſtrict Regard —

Allan. What more?

Blake. I've known ſome Men who would out-ſwear the Courts,
In Oaths impos'd; — yet, by a String of Words,
Unauthoriz'd, but by their mutual Choice,
Be ſteady as the Sun: — be ſuch 'tween us!

Saund. *After a Pauſe.)* May the good Conſtitution I enjoy,
Decay in Haſte; — and Strength, and Appetite,
Enerv'd, and pall'd! — exempt of pleaſing Pow'r,
Whilſt Nuns are fond, and luſcious Food and Wines
Go taſtleſs down! — may I, diſrob'd my Function,
With all my Faculties, become a Hearer,
If ever I to you, or you, prove falſe.

Blake. Thirſt, Hunger, Plagues my Bane, when I'm not true.

Allan. Then be the Gout my Joys, the Law my Peace!

Saund. Now we are One, — and ſhould ſome Heretick
Attempt to ſeparate our Union,
I'll drench my Dagger in his curſed Blood;
Then whiſper various Creeds into his Ear,
And make him doubt a Heav'n, and fear a Hell.

Blake. What true Colleagues our Brethren have of us?

Saund. Let us think only now, whom to ſupplant;
Whom animate; and put our beſt-drawn Schemes
In happieſt Practice; — I'll *Deſmond* ſue
For Gold, to purchaſe thoſe War cannot bend,
And meek Perſwaſion ſupplicates in vain.

Prepare

Prepare yourſelf, and ſteady *Caſtus* prove! (*To* Blake.
His Tongue commands all Ears; ſuch Men I dread:
Attack him cloſe in ſubtleſt Arguments!
Give him no Wind, to breathe a Reaſon forth
'Gainſt yours!---if ye agree, ſalute him high!---
If Eloquence can't make his Heart our Friend,
Your Dagger may prevent its being our Foe;
You to *Mackfrenzy* go, and aggravate (*To* Allan.
The Marriage of his Son!---he'll wean his Child,
(If you will talk with Certitude of Titles:)
And make us Heirs of his prodigious Wealth!

Allan. He'll hug his Gold, as Pagans do their Gods:

Saund. Implanted Bigottry, and natural Pride,
Will make him looſe his Hold;---try him, I ſay!
He'll ſquander his Eſtate, to bear a Title.

Blake. Vain Wretch! without the active Faculty.

Saund. See *Mackveer*, met by *Caſtus*, this Way comes!
Each to his Taſk!---think e'er you ſpeak to *Caſtus!*
(Saunders *and* Allan *go out ſeverally*;
Blake *draws aſide.*

SCENE III.

Enter CASTUS *and* MACKVEER.

Caſt. If Interruption don't prevent our Stay,
Here will we wait, for *Cavenaugh* and my Daughters;
They knew of my Intention, and will meet us:

Mackv. Will *Deſmond* come?---there's Terror in his Name!

Caſt. He may too prove injurious to the Land;
But fear, poor Man, prove Ruin to himſelf.

Mackv. Thus calmly to deſcant, implies Content;
As knowing the Event, propitious.

Caſt. Events are bounded by the Will of Heaven;
But Solace flows, when *Deſmond* I ſurvey;
His great Affairs in mercenary Hands,
And lives in Ignorance himſelf;---he ſeems
Mark'd out for Ruin. (Blake *comes forward.*

SCENE IV.

Mackv. Heaven's, a Rebel!

Blake. Deem not my friendly Love Intrufion,
Oh my Maſters, and hear Experience!
What is this Liberty — what Sovereignty?
What Senates, when they exhauſt your Powers,
To ſupport their Names? — more; — your titular
Sovereign is but a Woman, too, too dim
By Nature, to inſpect the ſubtle Web
Of Nations Policies, is overwhelm'd
Already: And would you with deluded
Fondneſs, like one to ſave his gaſping Friend
Upon a mountain Wave, plunge into ſure
Deſtruction? — Your Laws too are defective,
Wanting a Regulator; — now is the Time,
To change a circumſcrib'd weak Woman's Reign,
For a wiſe Sovereign, Man's! — baſe, for glorious!

Caſt. An Advocate for arbitrary Sway?
Preſumptuous Ignorance! — I pity you
Sincerely from my Heart; — Can my dear Nation's Laws,
Compos'd by wiſeſt Men for Ages paſt,
Be more defective than tyrannick Rule?
The Caprice of one weak, or vicious Man!
Or if he's wiſe, what's One to Multitudes?
Would you impartially reflect, — the Change
Would be rejoicing Plenty, for deſpairing Want!

Blake. Myſterious Reaſon! how different
Are its Effects in Man? — love you your Country?

Caſt. Heaven knows I do.

Blake. I pity you in Turns;
Can a ſhrunk leprous Arm defend your Rights?
A vicious Heart reform immoral Acts?
A feeble Underſtanding mend your Laws?
This is the Portrait of your abject Queen;
Her Crown for Herefy ſtruck off her Head;
Her Subjects too abſolv'd Allegiance;
Deſpis'd by ev'ry Man of Senſe in Pow'r,
And curs'd with Pity of the helpleſs Poor.
Deſmond, the Soul of Goodneſs! hath the Nerves,
Hearts, Heads of Nations! Darling of the World! —

Caſt. A Wretch who held his Fortunes but in Fee!
A pardon'd Rebel, — a revolted Traitor!
In the foul Current of his Crimes had ſunk

Long

Long ſince, if Mercy had not ſtretch'd her Arm
To ſave; and put in Competition with,
Nay, rais'd with haughty Arrogance above
My gracious Sovereign!—the only good
Example to deſpotick Crowns!—deſpis'd
Or hated but by wicked Men!—with Awe
Rever'd by all the Good on Earth!—belov'd
By Heav'n!——

Blake. Preſumptuous Man! conſider who thou art,
And who is *Deſmond!*

Caſt. Thank Heav'n I'm honeſt:
He's a great powerful Wretch, but poor indeed!
Wanting thoſe Virtues, which conſummate Man.

Blake. I muſt attempt to find a weaker Side;— (*Aſide.*
Deſmond hath Virtue, for he loves your Virtues:
Admires your bleſs'd Auſterity of Life!
Your truly noble Gentleneſs of Soul,
In Valour, and Compaſſion!—lean to the Man
In Pow'r! fly, fly Diſtreſs!—He'll ſtile you Father,
Heap Titles, Fortunes, Praiſe, upon the Friend he loves.

Caſt. What! ſell my Soul, for Feathers, Food, or Words?
Thou art ſome Prieſt, or Paraſite diſguis'd;
Juſt Man would implore Heav'n againſt ſuch Thoughts;
Pray weep and mend!—if you are *Deſmond*'s Friend,
Bid Him do ſo!—and tell him, were he *Cæſar*,
He muſt die!—that howe're he overlooks
His Crimes on Earth,—hereafter they'll remind
With Pangs and Torture his miſtaken Soul!
I ſhun your Converſation;—Heaven ſend
On my Return, more Virtue in thy Stead.
(Caſtus *and* Mackveer *go out.*

Blake. How calmly Virtue guides the Soul of Man!
Whilſt contraſt Vice, rebels againſt itſelf!
Well; if Succeſs attends our Enterprize,
I will forſake the Error of my Ways;
Till then, Heart ſwell! then humble for thy Faults!
Hah!—*Allan!*—Captain *Kirkby*, and his Men
Advance!—their gloomy Looks forebode no good.

SCENE V.

To him ALLAN, *Captain* KIRTHBY, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Hah! Son *Kirthby*, Heaven's Bleſſings on you!—
(Kirthby *bows.*
Allan, how acts *Mackfrenzy* in our Cauſe?

Allan. Withdraw! (*To the Officers and Soldiers, who go out.*
I've had his Bleſſing, if 'twou'd aught avail;
How ſtands old *Caſtus?*

Blake. Unalterably firm:
I cou'd as ſoon ſtop Tempeſt with my Breath,
As lecture his ſuperior Reaſon down:
To him, I'm but a Glow-worm to the Moon!

Allan. Now we have Force enough to overcome;
Let us go drag ſuch Wretches, from their Holes,
Hunt 'em for Paſtime, to a mangling Death!
—Oh I could joy in killing—Hereticks!
But fit to whet the Vengeance of my Soul;—
I long to mock their Groans, and hiſs 'em as they die.

Blake. Why do we ſquander Time with barren Words?

Kirth. In heat of Battle to defend my Rights,
Should my own Father lift his vengeful Hand
'Gainſt mine,—I'd intercept th' intended Stroke;
And ſmile and glory in the manly Act:
But to premeditate Revenge, is baſe!
My Soul abhors ſuch low,—ſuch Coward Thoughts.

Allan. Hah, hah, *Engliſh Kirthby!*—a nice Pattern
Of that Country,—where every Wretch preſumes
To pride in Liberty; yet can behold
Luſt, Craft, Confuſion ride your curbed Laws!
And brib'd, vote Death, or Want!

Kirth. Horror be dumb!
Purge pure the baſe,—the hideous Avarice
Of your deluding Heart!—'twill be a Taſk
Sufficient for your Life;—no Time to prove
Your envious Falſhoods;—is it not Crime
Enough to rob the Land,—but you muſt ſtain
Its Name?—curſe on your Allegations!

SCENE

SCENE VI.

To them SAUNDERS, *and two other Jesuits.*

Saund. Good Friends!—Diviſions in an Hour of Joy?
We rival *Creſſus*, without *Deſmond*'s Aid:
What you have fail'd in, I have ſucceeded;
And have a Tale to tell, will raiſe your Thoughts;
And change your wandring Hopes, to Certainties.
Kirth. What can you ſay?
Saund. *Mackfrenzy* is our own.
Allan. What Trap for Foxes now?
Saund. The beſt Bait laid:
I fawn'd, and ſooth'd Him to comply,—indulg'd
His favourite Vice;—imbecile Cowardice
I painted Conduct;—Madneſs heroick!
And dreſs up Virtue, in forbidding Garb;
Then promis'd him high Titles, and in turns,
Exclaim'd the Diſobedience of his Son;——
I've ſuch a Sum! wou'd overpoiſe a Crown;
Or make a Slave a Prince.
Kirth. Oh thoughtleſs Wretch!
In Acts of Charity, each greedy Hand
Would ſnatch the other from his Purſe, to keep
The Needy from Support!
Saund. When he gave it,
Pleas'd with his Prodigality, pronounc'd;
"This 'mongſt the Soldiers with an equal Hand!
"—That 'mongſt ourſelves, dividing equal Shares!"
Kirth. —Baſe Principles! would you with pilf'ring Hand
Snatch Suſtenance from the expecting Mouths
Of the poor Soldiers? whom Hunger preys on
With corroding Fierceneſs, and yet obey
Us, with Content?—damnable Propoſal!
Allan. Away! away! you're childiſh;—what are they?
But the meer Refuſe,—Droſs of Nations,
Unworthy Notice, but as Tools of War.
Kirth. Egregious Eminence! the artful,
Ruining Cauſe of War, and Poverty!
Who with deceptious Aims, wear awful Signs
Of Holineſs, but to enrich yourſelves!——

Ceaſe

Ceaſe ſelf-devoted Craft! to ſcorn the Poor,
The ſerviceable Poor! who are by you
Oppreſs'd beneath the Harrows of your Claims!
They innocently ignorant,—and you!
Conſummate Baſeneſs, knowing to deceive.

Blake. Hah! hah! you rave.
How! think you to allay
My Vengeance with a Sneer? you very Prieſt,—

Saund. Sir, you are too familiar with our Function.

Kirth. With Tools of Tyrants?—Locuſts of the Land?—
And—but I'm too much inſulted to waſte
Words on Villains!—hoe,—attend me,—fall on them—
(To the Soldiers who re-enter.
They'd rob ev'n Soldiers of their Rights!—yet hold!
——————ſcorn the mean Conqueſt!
How have I been deceiv'd by ſpecious Shews
Of Juſtice, pious Care, and Love of Rights!
Which this Day have explain'd themſelves, no leſs
Than gen'ral Ruin, to ſerve private Ends!
Riſe, and leave 'em to their merc'leſs ſelves!
To live in Miſery, and die by Law.

Saund. Oh righteous Heaven, that I ſhould receive
Such Uſage from my neareſt Friend!—vile nam'd,
And threaten'd Death for my Affection!
I only ſtarted mercenary Wiles,
To ſee if we've ſuch hideous Natures
In our bleſs'd Society, who wou'd aſſent
To the inhuman Deed;—believe me Captain!
I'll throw up my Truſt with Joy;—poor dear Hearts!
What injure them?—I'd ſooner feed 'em with
My Meſs, and faſt myſelf.

Kirth. Ceaſe your capitulating Cant! reſign
To keep;—mean Wretch! proud Tyrant!—I now ſee thro',
Know you;—truſt ſuch a Jeſuit with Gold!
I'd ſooner truſt Virginity, to rank
Incontinence:—it is putting Weapons
In the Hands of Ruin!—Tell me, baſe Man,
Where you've conceal'd your Theft!—no trifling, Sir!
Delay ſhall haſten Tortures to extort
——————the Secret:——

Saund.

Saund. You'll have no Reaſon to inflict your Threats;
Sunk in the Well, behind St. *Patrick*'s Lodge,
All I've acquired lyes;—if you ſuſpect
My Words,—my Brethren here will pledge their Truth;
They know the Place,—our aged, leaden Feet
Will but retard your March, ſuſpending your
Expectance, and Deſign:

Kirth. Truth?

Saund. By Heav'ns Truth:——

Kirth. Now tell the Rebel I am revolted!
Vow Oppoſition to his trait'rous Aims;
And bid Defiance to his waſteful Arm;
Oh could I meet him even amidſt his Guards!
I'd burſt the Bubble of his Life; and ſend
His Soul, eternally to groan, Deceit
Of Jeſuits! (Kirthby, *Soldiers, and the two Jeſuits go out.*

Saund. Poor, eaſy, credulous Fool!

Allan. *Saunders*, what mean you?—is n't the Treaſure there?

Saund. No ſingle Croſs, that I have Knowledge of.

Blake. But han't you done an Act, you ſhould repent?——

Saund. Repent!—We three have vow'd Fidelity;
And ſhould his Holineſs have interfer'd;
With them, ſhould be too many to receive
Preferments, or divide high number'd Shares;
I but now met 'em; nor could ſhake 'em off;——
Death to 'em! 'twill prove our high Advantage;
But hark!—let's fly!—the reſounding Earth forewarns
Their quick Return;—no,—our good Friend!—what News?

Enter Gentlemen.

Gent. Impatiently, oh Father! (*to* Saunders) *Deſmond* expects
Your Prayers.——

Saund. Son, be you bleſs'd!—Succeſs attend
Our Cauſe!—[*To the Gent.*] Brothers! the bigot Populace
(*Pointing out to the Peaſants*, &c.
There, trembling wait for Abſolution;
Inſpire their languid Souls, with certain Hopes!
They will exult, to act in our Defence;
I'll meet you here, on my Return;—adieu!——
(*The Jeſuits go out ſeverally.*

Gent.

Gent. going, ſees Caſtus.] The learned *Caſtus*!—penſive, the good Man
Caſts his Eyes on Earth; yet ſmiles amidſt his Cares;
Honour can't diſcompoſe a virtuous Foe;
So leave him to himſelf:—Oh that I had
The Pow'r to be, a Copy of that Man!
(*As he goes out*, Caſtus *enters, met by* Cavenaugh,
Æmula *and* Ablabia.

Caſtus. Welcome once more, dear Children, and my Friends!
Perhaps this Meeting is the laſt on Earth!
Heav'n only knows:—if he prolongs our Lives,
Let us contend in Virtues to excell!
Let us ſo live, we ſhall not fear to die!——
In what moſt dreadful States, are wicked Men!
Who pride in Weakneſs, palliate Crime by Crime!
And nouriſh Tortures, and abandon Bliſs!

SCENE VII.

Enter ALLAN, BLAKE, *another Gentleman, and Peaſants.*

Allan. See there our Game! deſpiſe Compaſſion!
Rely on us!—deſtroy, and be forgiven!
Gent. Shall we ſpare the Women?
Allan. Frail Queſtion! They may breed Hereticks;
Who wou'd rave out at our pure Mother-Church;
Or laſh a Prieſt;—give them full Share of Death!
Blake. Stop! let me take a Thought upon the Scene:
Caſtus. Unnatural Thirſt of Blood!—yet Heav'n forgive them!
And their worſe general Aims prevent;—I die
Contented:
Caven. Unmanly!—Numbers 'gainſt Five?
An aged Man, two Women,—a Wretch dead (*They advance.*
With Fears!—come ye in Throngs againſt a ſingle Sword?
Æmul. Not ſo:—Father, let's die in our Defence!
(*Draws* Mackveer's *Sword*, Caſtus *draws, are attack'd and diſarm'd.*
Caven. Nay then take Heed yourſelves!—oh for an Arm
(*Strikes the Gentleman.*
To cruſh Barbarians,—Monſters,—Cowards!
Gent. That Blow redounds a Stab, give us the Word!
Blake. Deſiſt a while!

Abla.

Abla. My Spirits overcome,
I ſink beneath their Dead!—I faint,—I die. [*Swoons.*
Allan. Be ſure ſhe dies!—Stab her for Dependance!
Then raiſe her up to feel the Pangs of Death:
Caven. Moſt piercing Sight!—her Angel Form ſtiff'ning
To Earth!—pale,—ghaſtly!—Death, how doſt thou change
The Face of Life!—that Aſpect once inſpir'd
Ambition—Love!—now, dear Cruelty! [*To the Jeſuits*, &c.
Oh ſink me from the Sight!
Allan. Cure him with Death!—
Stab Him Releaſe!—oh for new Ways to kill!

SCENE VIII.

Enter KIRTHBY, *Officer, and Soldiers.*

Kirth. Degenerate Savages!—deteſtable
Ev'n by Injuſtice, of the common Kinds! [*The Jeſuits draw behind the Peaſants, and run off.*]
Shall ſuch Barbarity eſcape unpuniſh'd?
Divine and human Charity forbid:
Fall on 'em—on—on! [Kirthby's *Party drive the Jeſuits off the Stage, who retreat fighting, leaving* Caſtus's, Cavenaugh's *and* Mackveer's *Swords behind.*]

ABLABIA *reviving.*

Abla. *Cavenaugh:*—*Cavenaugh!*—Why do I call on him?—
My Words but hover in the yielding Air,
Then diſſipate to nought;—for he's no more:— [*riſing.*
Oh how my Spirits flutter for Releaſe!
But a dull Damp too heavy for their Wings,
Retards their tow'ring Courſe!—no more will Peace
Regale my Soul with Joy; or dimple Smiles
Upon my Face;—for oh, my Comfort's ceas'd!
[Cavenaugh *at a ſmall Diſtance.*
He's dead!—but hah—his Semblance!—oft I've heard
Of murther'd Mortals riſing upon Earth,
In ghaſtly Shades!—it looks the very Man,
Lovely as Order!
Caven. Hah! ris'n, the ſame
In Features, Size, Complection, and Deportment!

Why ſhudder at the Shade of Innocence,
And ſtart from more refin'd Communion?
I will addreſs it;—Why do you fly Me,
As from a Thing that's irkſome to your Being?
When in the Fleſh, you joy'd at *my* Appearance;

Abla. When in the Fleſh, implys a Separation;

Caven. My Soul is all attendant on my Eyes!——
Is't She or Shadow, I will try to touch
Ere I am with Doubts confounded:— [*coming towards her.*

Abla. Oh gentle Ghoſt, hurt not *Ablabia!*

Caven. 'Tis ſhe, lovely Subſtantial!— oh let
Me claſp—embrace you in my tender Arms,——
Ablabia! I tremble with Exceſs of Joy;

Abla. My dear dear *Cavenaugh!* I cou'd gaze on you,
Like the fond Mother on her new-born Babe;
Till my Eyes weaken, and I grow faint, and ſink
By the o'ercoming Proſpect!—oh my Soul!——

Caven. Sweet Innocence! I'm more loſt in Bliſs,
Than when you firſt conſented to be mine.

Abla. Are my dear Father and my Siſter ſafe?

Caven. They are, my Life:

Abla. Which Way did Heav'n ward off
Th' impending Ruin?—how give Us Safety?

Enter KIRTHBY *and his Men.*

Caven. Here's *Kirthby* and his Men, return *Him* Thanks.

Abla. Captain, my Soul's true Thanks, for our Protection;

Kirth. To aid Diſtreſs, worſe Dangers wou'd be Joys. [*To* Ablabia.
We're marching now, to join the Noble *Grey*,
The Preſident of *Munſter*, Lord *Bourchier*,
Such brave and virtuous Men! who had They each
As many Lives as Pores, wou'd loſe them all,
To ſave their Country:—if you will add one,
Take a ſhort Parting, and come on!

Caven. I'll hold
My Life upon no other Terms, than ſerve
My Country:—hah, my Friend! [*Takes up his Sword.*

Abla. Oh if you fall,
And leave poor *Me*, to weep and think away
My Life;—as the young Turtle when harſh Fate
His tender Succour-bringing *Parents* kill'd;

With

With Sighs Decaying, and Expectance lyes;
Cries, but in vain, and in ſoft Moanings dies.

The END of ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Enter* DESMOND, SAUNDERS, *Gentleman, Attendants, and Peaſants.*

Saund. DEATH was full near them then; their Policy,
And Speed ſecur'd their Lives;—do you withdraw.
[*To the Gentleman.*

Deſm. But what Prevention of their being here?

Saund. *Allan* I've ſent to ſeek Intelligence;
And *Blake* is on the Duties of our Function.

SCENE II.

To them a ſecond Gentleman.

2d Gent. Moſt truly great and glorious *Deſmond!*
Two Hours ſcarce paſt, ſince *Cavenaugh* with his Sword
Unſheath'd, at *Smerwick* challeng'd my great Lord!
Defy'd your Power, and much he had to ſay,
Gainſt Traitors, Tyrants, Death, and Slavery!

Deſm. How, Sir, was He accepted by the Town?

Gent. They mock'd him firſt;—then in Attention ſtood!
Bewilder'd Looks betray'd their doubtful Thoughts,
They caught Confuſion from each other's Eyes;—
But when he aſcertain'd, the *Engliſh* Force
Was marching to oppoſe your Lordſhip's Pow'r;
Each Wretch relinquiſh'd Fear, and took up Arms;
On which Intelligence, San *Joſeph* led
His reſtleſs Succours from your Fort *del Ore*;
Down to the moraſs Vale of *Grandelough.*

Deſm. That Place to Strangers inacceſſable,
Let the Worſt come, we may continue in
And mock their Efforts;—ere this Moon ſhall wain,
Ten thouſand hardy diſcontented *Scots*,

And threefold *English*, shall assert our Cause;
Saund. In th' Interim return'd with subtlest Guile,
Prove that our Forces may be doubly view'd;
Tell them from *Flanders* we are driven here
For Industry and Religion;—depriv'd
Of Residence, Provision, Arms, we pray
To serve in Peace;—then to *San Joseph* go!
Say, we advise to hold in Readiness:
Desm. Tell him, within an Hour *My* Force joins his;
And that I'll make Lord *Grey* our steady Friend;
Reason till his Soul springs high with Valour!
And lives uneasy for Engagement:—think!
Scheme as you go!—be speedy!—fare you well!
2d Gent. My Lord, I'm all Obedience:— [*Goes out.*
Desm. Father, you're rather dull than grave;—what Thoughts?
Saund. You said you'd make Lord *Grey* our steady Friend:
Desm. That he's ere now;—I've sent him by a Friend,
One whom he much esteems, ten thousand Pounds,
In Draughts on the Bank of *Genoa!*—He's our's!
The half would make a *Cecil* draw his Force
Aside;—the whole assist us;—a few such Sums
Well plac'd, would overturn the Globe—Father
Have Joy—that *English*, Amazonian Queen
Shall cloath in Rags,—eat Dust,—drink Gall, and lye
On Harrows:—*Mackfrenzy!*—Welcome my Friend!

SCENE III.

To them MACKFRENZY.

Mackf. My Lord,—no servile Messenger!—I'm come,
To inform your Honour, all my Tenants,
Servants, and Dependants, wait your Command——
But not to be commanded to attack
The Moon;—to feed on Air;—or shoeless tread
On Glass;—I have so lectured up their Souls,
They long to fight;—to prove that they are Men;
They scorn your gewgaw Blades,—they have Pretensions;
'Sblood, Sir, but Age creeps on,—ev'n I would fight;—
And it is requisite that one of us,
Should be secure:——
Desm. I understand you not!

Requisite

Requiſite one of us ſhould be ſecure?
Mackf. Yes, Sir!—d'you underſtand your Mother's Tongue?——
——The holy Pope's Authority?—Hand?—Signet?—
Promiſe?—Ratification?—my Acceptance?
And Advancements?——if you do not, be taught!—
There's a good Man, knows all;—and if you'll have
My Men, take my brave Men! and ſo Farewel! [*Goes out.*
Deſm. What means all this?
Saund. Some Meaning has a Madman,
He ſome!——His Men were ready, and 'twere right
To ſpur their Reſolutions on, leſt they
Run back:
Deſm. I'll head 'em ſhortly to the Vale;
I'd firſt conſult blind *Armagh* on the Hour;
The happy Hour, to lead our Forces on:
He has told me various Conſequences, ere
Their Cauſes were;——on him I much depend.
Gent. My Lord! we juſt now paſs'd him on yon Lawn;
Saund. He's this Way led!—ſee here the Wizard comes!
He mutters, as he moves;—and ſtarts, as ſome
Great Matter mov'd his Soul:—my Son, will you
Accoſt him?——

Enter ARMAGH *led in by* DESMOND.

Deſm. *Armagh!* whoſe Knowledge reaches from the Sun,
To the unſeen Inhabitants of Air!
Well haſt thou loſt, thy outward-limited Eyes!
Whoſe mental Sight, deſcrys Futurity!
Tell us the lucky Hour, t' attack our Foes!
Tell us without Reſerve, the Fate of *Deſmond!*
Arm. That muſt not be:
Deſm. Say as you may!
Arm. Thus taught:
When Riches bend the Proud, below themſelves;
When Reaſon, Faith, Law, Equity unite;
When Merit gains th' Aſcendant of Succeſs;
When Heaven feeds with Huſks, and Satan prays;
Then *Deſmond* ſhall ſucceed, and *England* fall:
Pauſing] After this Day, he'll want no Friend on Earth.
——— Lead on! [*Mutters, ſtarts, trembles, and goes out.*
Deſm. *after a Pauſe*] When Riches bend the Proud below themſelves!
Saun. To come at Gold, ev'n Monarchs ſtoop to Slaves;

Deſm.

Desm. When Reason, Faith, Law, Equity unite!
Saund. No Disagreement of those Points in War;
Desm. When Merit gains th' Ascendant of Success!
Saund. Your Virtues have obtain'd more Friends, than *England*;
Desm. When Heaven feeds with Husks, and Satan prays!
Saund. The Poor prove one, and want of Ease the other;
Desm. Then *Desmond* shall succeed, and *England* fall!
Saund. *Desmond* Happiness!—*England* Misery:
Desm. After this Day, he'll want no Friend on Earth!
Saund. But this Day court you Friends!—to-morrow they'll
Petition you to serve;—bow their stiff Necks,
Adore the risen Sun;—and pray Protection!
Desm. Oh holy Virgin-Mother! when we have
Finish'd this Work in hand,—shortly we shall!—
We'll light as many Tapers, to thy Honour,
As there are Moments in a revolving Year;
And add the richest Ground to Fryaries,
And Abbies,—to enable holy Men
To pray for my poor Soul; when this frail Flesh
Is in its Mother Earth;—and whilst I live,
This Sword once drawn, shall ne'er be sheath'd again;
Till I've destroy'd the Root, and Branch, of all
The Hereticks, these fat'ning Isles support:
Thus *Hercules* the *Augean* Stables cleans'd,
And Him the World, or reverenc'd—or fear'd.—
Saund. looking out.] See, see revolted *Kirtby!*—Horrors dart
Through his fierce Eyes!—destructive Deeds declare!—
Dear Son, retire!—leave Death in vengeful Hands!
I'll wait their Absence!—Haste—t' inspire our Bands.
(*Desmond goes out confus'd*, Saunders
withdraws in the Wilderness.

SCENE IV.

Enter KIRTHBY, *Officer, and Soldiers.*

Kirth. He is a greater Man than he appears,
Though common Virtues, are conspicuous!
No surly Gravity, browbeats our Joys!
Familiar Monitor!—a real Friend!—
Fears but to act amiss!—is truly brave!—
Proud, only to instruct th' ignorant World!
And covetous, only of doing Good!

For

For Him our waiting;—and 'tis not in vain!
See the good Man! with his near Friends, draws nigh:

Enter CASTUS, *&c.*

Cast. I'm come, with the ſelecteſt of my Friends;
Who bow no Homage, to a Traytor's Pow'r;
Who will not ſully, their Forefather's Deeds;
But live, and die, Examples to Poſterity:——
Cavenaugh we've left, to keep the Rabble's Fire
In a Blaze;—unſteddy Beings!—loyal,
Or rebellious, at their Dictator's Will!—
But what Intelligence of *Grey*? What Rout
Doth he purſue?——

Kirth. We have no ſtrict Account;
The high Road certainly muſt be his Way;
He'll never ſweep the Beach, or traverſe Woods!
---But *Cavenaugh* comes!

Cast. Why has he left his Poſt?
Thoſe wretched Men, deliver'd to themſelves;
Will baniſh Order, and embrace Confuſion.

Enter CAVENAUGH.

Caven. More Foes to kill!---They riſe like Fogs, from off
The angry Sea! who heaves up all her Gall,
Upon the Land:---Let us confront her new
Deliver'd Sons! force them again into
Her ouzy Womb! and gorge her with their Blood.

Cast. We'd better join Lord *Grey*, and try more equal Force.

Kirth. I ſhall obey Advice;---Let us lead on!

Cast. I'd wait a Moment for my *Æmula*;
To ſay Adieu:—
She is in Search of *Mackveer*;---whom I fear
Has fell, or fainted in the late Attack:

Caven. I'm tired with Delay!---fatigu'd with Reſt!
I long for Action---*Caſtus*, your Sword;

(Takes up the Swords, and gives Caſtus *his.*

This is *Mackveer*'s---ſend the Wretch home his Toy,
Without it he's undreſs'd---ev'n now 'twas in
The Hand, with ſuch a Heart, the Thought inflames
My Soul---Woman ſo brave---what ſhould be done
By Man---Suſpence is Death, when Glory is in view.

Cast.

Caſt. Your Patience ſhall not linger out through me.
Juſt Heav'n, with thy Aſſiſtance grace our Toil!
Let neither Fear, or wild Preſumption reign,
But ſteddy gen'rous Thoughts inſpire our Acts!
They'll aid us to ſucceed---or ſhould we fall,
Calm the black Tempeſt of dividing Nature;
Whilſt Death our Spirits hurry for Releaſe,
And make us Proof to Pain,---and die in Peace.

SCENE V.

Enter SAUNDERS, *Gentleman and Peaſants.*

Saund. Since theſe Blood-Hounds are off—we're all ſecure:

To them Enter ALLAN *and two Peaſants.*

Allan advances!—How ſtands our Warfare?

Allan. In a ſucceeding Way:—Death opens wide
His Mouth, void of Diſtinction! of Age,
Or Sex, or Quality! ſwallowing our Foes,
Promiſcuous in his Gulph; and ſpares our Friends;
Recruits come in each Minute, and tell Wonders;
How many they have kill'd!—who wou'd not follow:

Saund. Rejoycing News!

Allan. Since I was here, we three
Surpriz'd a Family; who fearful fled,
And ſhelter'd in a Houſe; we fir'd that,
And gave 'em Death and Grave in the devouring Flames:
Next met a Woman with two Boys, (Pictures
Of Health)—a Grandſire double, and his Son,
A *Hercules!* unarm'd:—and gave 'em Wounds
For Tears,—and Death for Supplication.

Saund. *Allan*, your Tale is Muſick to my Soul:
But ſaw you *Blake* or *Deſmond* in your Way?

Allan. *Deſmond* I ſaw ent'ring the Vale;—with Force
So numerous!—to count them Patience wou'd
Tranſmute her Nature to an uneaſy
Snarler; and ſhuffle from the tedious Task:
Blake I've not ſeen,—ſince he had our Orders
To remove our Gold.——

Saund. 'Twere right we find him, and to part no more,
Till Certainties give Sanction, to our Choice:

You,

You, Sir, in yonder Lane amuſe theſe Hearts !
[*To the Gentleman.*
We ſhortly ſhall return :—I'll this Way take!
[*They go out ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter BLAKE *dragging in* ÆMULA.

Æmul. Why this Infringment on my Liberty ?
If you deſign my Death,—ſuſpend me not
In Doubts !—Delays like Aggravations,
Fetter Pangs, to Pain ;—if I have injur'd you,
Suffice your Wrongs !—plunge quick your Dagger in
My Breaſt !—leſt my Spirits t' avoid your Pow'r,
Bound from their Seat, and leave you nought to kill :
Blake. Appeaſe the Tumult of of your Fears !—my Soul
Enamour'd of your Charms,—thinks but of Bliſs !
Shall ſtudy to protect you !
Æmul. What do you mean ?
Blake. To claſp and fondle with a Lover's Arm,
And bleſs you with the Joys of Novelty !
Oh I'm ſo eager, I tremble with
A Guſt of Love !—and I grow faint, with Fondneſs:
Æmul. Your Aſpect hath the goodly Lines of Man,
But your looſe Tongue detracts the ſeeming Virtue ;
Vice, like the Worm which ſcoops th' enamel'd Bloom ;
Devours thy internal Sweets ! and leaves
Thy Outſide fair ;—Does never Reaſon's Light
Dart through the Clouds of Sins, and manifeſt
Their hideous Natures ?—ſure it does not !
Elſe like a Slave releas'd his Chains, you'd ſpring
From th' impriſoning Load, and court a different Courſe !
Blake. The Tale of ev'ry Nurſe !—Bugbears for Babes !
You are the faireſt, lovelieſt of your Sex !
And I'm the fondeſt, faithfulleſt, of Mine !
————Let us embrace, and then !
Æmul. Away : Impurity !—d' you think Conſent
Will ever throw me to your vicious Arm ?
I'd ſooner ſtab a Period to my Life ;
Or plunge againſt th' obdurate Earth, and force
My

My Soul out:

Blake. Speak you in Reality?

Æmul. Yes: as my Heart directs my Tongue;

Blake. Then have
I, other means to try; when fond Addreſs
Gains no Effect, Force will:

Æmul. Stand off!—I'll call
The Jeſuits, ev'n they'll aſſiſt me;—help!—help!

Blake. Or ceaſe that hated Noiſe!—or this ſhall make you.
[*Puts a Dagger to her Breaſt.*

Æmul. Heaven ſupport me!

Blake. Will you now conſent?

Æmul. Rather to Death, than to your Will,—help!—help!—

Blake. Perverſe cold Thing!—I'll give you your Deſires:
How's this?—theſe Eyes!—I have not Pow'r to ſtrike!—
Yet Reſolution breaks the Charm;—or now
Embrace me! or you die:

Æmul. Sure if you thought,
There were ſuch Principles in ev'ry Man,
To ruin all they'd Pow'r!—you'd be deterr'd
By conſcious Fears, from all Society!

Blake. Think you with Arrogance to quench Deſires?
Or do you with accuſtom'd Airs, diſſemble
To be courted?—away with modeſt Manners!
And be bold in Love!—think freely—are we
Not hid from Speculation, and Report?
What more cou'd even Fancy want, t' improve
The am'rous Deed?—throw off your childiſh Thoughts!

Æmul. Sir, you look ſuperficially on Sin!
Like one delighted with a Scorpion's Scales,
Thoughtleſs of his Virulence;—if you'll ſee,
The horrid Nature of the Deed you covet!
You'll be confounded, at your dread Deſires;
And with Shame forſake them.

Blake. If 'tis a Crime,
Heav'n's merciful!—or if he's angry,—We
Have Time enough to intercept his Vengeance;
Years to come!——

Æmul. Think, Sir, on the Uncertainty of Life!

And an Eternal due Succeſſion!—then!

Blake. —Your Preaching's but a holy Cheat,—to gull
Me of my Joys;—ſee this!—*(Again takes his Dagger)*
Take Love, or Death!
Heed to Equivocations!—no ſingle Word
Contrary to my Will!——

Æmul. Oh throw away that Inſtrument of Death!
That Horror to weak Minds!—I'm but a Woman!——
Yet.—

Blake. Angel, 'tis done!—*(throws down his Dagger)* my Extacy's
relaps'd!
Oh I'll embrace you with inceſſant Love;
And raiſe your faint Deſires into Flames!—then!
(As he's going to embrace her—ſhe draws her Dagger and breaks from him.

Æmul. Stoop, and you're dead!—now you are in my Pow'r,
Poor wicked Man!—yet (though your Crimes require
More Vengance, than to take your Life); take my
Forgiveneſs, and begone!—go and repent!
Conceal your Sin, in Solitude!—for ſure,
If you diſcloſe the unholy Secret,
To the next ſhocking Sinner of your Sex;
He'd fly the Tale, or ſhun you with Deriſion:

Blake. So, artful Debauchee! what! have you ſtole
My Point, to ſhew your Siſter Proſtitutes
A Badge of your Deception?—Death!—why did
I ſooth, or threaten Vice into Compliance?
When ev'ry Harlot, 'till the Fee's in Hand;
Seems coy of Love, and cants on Modeſty!
Or rather why addreſs thee, whoſe wan Face
Proclaims a rotten Corps,—Ditches for your Filth!——
Foh,—I fear I'm tainted with thy Pollutions!
Away! *(Goes out.*

Æmul. Away, vile Wretch?—Yes, ſo I will,—and from
My Soul thank Heav'n I may:—Sure abſtract Nature
Thus cou'd ne'er effect!—but ſome infernal Fiend,
Aſſiduous in an unguarded Hour!
Stole in upon his Soul!—bound Reaſon down,
With Chains of Pleaſure!—or elſe expell'd it,
And aſſum'd its Seat:—So oft-times Sovereigns fall!

Bad States, bad Meaſures, from bad Counſel ſpring;
Slaves ſoar the Throne, and delegate the King.

The END *of* ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Enter* SAUNDERS *and* BLAKE.

Saund. WHAT cou'd you ſee in her pale Face, to pleaſe?
Han't we in *France*, Young cloiſter'd Penitents,
——Whom we enjoy at Will? Beauties t' inſpre
Ev'n hoary Age with Love, 'till hot Deſires
Melt his frozen Heart!—and like Fool's Hunger,
You muſt ſeize on Garbage, rather than faſt,
To feaſt on Dainties!—ſhameful is your Taſte!

Blake. There's not a luſty Confeſſor, who culls
Our Monaſtries, abſolving Legions
Of his Debauching; e'er ſaw more Beauty
In a *French* Face, or more delightful Mein!
——————I like, and almoſt love!——

Saund. Yes, 'till your feveriſh Impulſe were chill'd:

Blake. Reflections of theſe Kinds, ſeem envious;——
Gold is the darling Idol of your Soul!
The ſtrong Impulſe to propagate my Kind,
Prevails with Me;—and all the Race of Men,
Have ſome o'er-ruling Inclination:
Why we this mighty Stir, and Difference make;
Is 'cauſe our Appetites, and Paſſions vary;
Were they alike,—we ſhould preach up, the Laws
Of Nature to be right; and juſtify
Thoſe Acts, we each condemn:—but ſee a Man!
Eager as Fowler when his Dog queſts Game,
Here guides his Steps!

SCENE

SCENE II.

To them enter a ſecond Gentleman.

Saund. A Friend!—what News do you bring?
2d Gent. News that will ſtun you with Surprize,—or worſe!——
O'erwhelm you with Deſpair!—Hope is baniſh'd!
And Death, and Fears, reign Tyrants in its ſtead!
If we eſcape our Friends ſevereſt Fate,
We muſt fly hence with Speed:— ſcarce Time to ſpeak!—
Our Force is overcome!
Blake. How!
Saund. Curſe on your Tale!
Has Lightning, Earthquake, Mutiny, or Plague
Deſtroy'd our Men?—Explain!—be brief!—how fall'n?
2d Gent. By a ſmall Hoſt of *Engliſh*,—whoſe Number
'Trebled, wou'd not have equall'd our's!—Ruin,
Obſequious to their uplifted Hands,
Spread where they came!
Saund. Woeful!—damn'd Miſcarriage!
Blake. Did *Grey* receive the Draughts on *Genoa*?
2d Gent. He did; and curſing the deſign'd Corruption,
Shar'd 'em amongſt his Men, t' encourage Valour!
Saund. They'd but two narrow Paſſes to defend!
Did Treach'ry reign?—how could they be attack'd?
2d Gent. *Grey* hir'd one *Coſby*, who cou'd walk a *Wave!*
A Wretch, deceitful as the Bogs!—He ſwore——
The Bribe took Place:—Himſelf a Friend, o'erjoy'd
In bringing ſuch Intelligence! and void
Of Patience, to go round about;—ventur'd
The trembling Swamps:—and many other falſe
Pretenſions urg'd:—in brief; he ſo amus'd
Our crouding, and diſorder'd Troops;—they left
The Paſſes, and let in the Foe: who've put
The Foreigners to the Sword;—and are now
Hanging of the Natives;—except *Deſmond!*
Him I ſaw ſtop'd, circled with ſeeming Death!
With Horror in his Eyes, and Fury in his Arm,
He broke their Ranks, and clear'd the vengeful Way:
Saund. Why did they not capitulate?
2d Gent. They did,
When *Deſmond* fled:—but 'twas not granted:—then
The white Flag rear'd, and All ſurrender'd up!——

I fell a Captive to a grateful Man!——
One whom I've fed; He wink'd at my Eſcape.
Saund. Cowards in Power!—mercileſs Hounds! kill Captives!
2d Gent. Our Mens
Barbarity provok'd their Rage;——
I ſaw a *Spaniard* ſtab a ſuckling Woman,
And her Babe in Arms! mixing her balmy Milk,
And Blood—with the foul Moiſture of a Ditch!
Th' half bright,—half bloody Sword, ſo pleas'd th' Infant,
That he ſmil'd!—ſprung! and chuckled as at Toys!
But Innocence mov'd no Compaſſion in
The cruel Wretch.
Saund. My Curſes on their Breed! (Saunders *penſive.*
Blake. Where will this melancholy Tale conclude?
But in deſcribing Death!—worſe!—Miſery,
Through our unmanly Friends:
Saund. Friends, did you ſay?—
Baſe daſtard Slaves, who thunder'd Threats they fear'd
To execute!
2d Gent. Yet more, yet worſe I'm told:
Saund. The Plague and Want muſt come:-what more?-what worſe?
2d Gent. *Allan* is taken;—and confeſs'd to *Cavenaugh*
Where your Acquirements lay:—hath giv'n 'em up,
To purchaſe Liberty!—ſoon was it giv'n
To his poor Soul, by ſtabbing of his Heart:
Saund. The Devil is impower'd, to command
This Day,—curs'd Day! each anniverſary
I live,—I'll trample on the Date:—but cool! (*Penſive.*
Blake. Here to continue is a racking Life,
With Thoughts expectant but of Miſery!
Let us not be a Sequel to the Slain!
Let us away!
Saund. Don't harbour Fears, I've Thoughts
Still catching at the gilded Reins of Pow'r!—
—We muſt be mean, in order to be Rich!
Blake. That ſtands confeſs'd, throughout the thinking World!
Saund. By *Deſmond's* Fall, we'll riſe above Diſgrace,
We'll lay ſagacious Bloodhounds, on his Trail;
They'll hit him off!—I'll whiſper Safety in
His Ear, and ſtab him to the Heart:—that done,

We'll

We'll antedate Aſſignments of his Lands;
(A common Caſe in forfeited Eſtates,)
And ſeize Poſſeſſion:—I'll bring a thouſand
Of this Iſle, to prove the Execution
Of all the Deeds;—or ev'n Priority
Of Right:—in your yet unſuſpected Name, (*To the 2d Gent.*
The Claim ſhall ſtand;—jointly, and ſeparately
We'll hold his full Enjoyments:—dare the World!—
Blake *after a Pauſe.*] In *France* indeed, where Bigotry arraigns
Suſpicion!—and Ignorance foreſtalls
Injuſtice!
(*1ſt Gent. ſeeming uneaſy at a Diſtance with the Peaſants.*
Our Function wou'd appeaſe a Tumult, without
The Aid of Gold:—but here, now Liberty
Inſpires Reſolves, and Conqueſt diſannuls
Diſmay,—and where we're known, but for being
What we deteſt in others!—what Succour
(Should we be taken!) can his Gold ſecure?
Saund. What Succour can his Gold ſecure us?—piſh!—
If the dull Judge arraigns,—our Gold ſhall ſpeak
Till he is dumb;—nods Approbation;
Yawns forth Salutes; and cringes all Obedience.
If jealous Convocations cenſure,
Gold ſhall perſwade Acknowledgment of Errors;
And bribe a Recantation of their Tenets.
If the high-metall'd Soldier, draws Defence;
Gold ſhall outweigh his Peacock-Feather, Honour;
And turn his Sword againſt his Sovereign!
Make noble, ignoble!—Proud Rich ſubſerve!
Rank Phyſick throng, from Ditches to the Court,
To poiſon as we pleaſe;—ev'n buſy Trade,
Ceaſe from their lov'd Fatigue;—and vulgar Souls
Grin, fawn, and bow Content, then thunder out Applauſe!
Oh wondrous alterative Gold!—ſtrange Pow'r!
To varniſh Folly—and to cover Guilt!——
Blake. Curs'd Gold!—Vice, War, Want, Death, and Infamy,
Do it attend for Hire!—is purchas'd at
The Price of Souls!—the Loſs of Liberty!
(*1ſt Gent. &c. ſeen at ſmall Diſtance.*
Buys preſent Heaven! and a future Hell!——

My

My Folly flies me,—I begin to think!
Build no Dependance upon Gold!—but hah!
We've ſtaid for Death!---*Mackfrenzy!*---ſeverely
Will he require, what we have not to give!
What ſhall we do?—fly, or oppoſe?

2d Gent. Death!—— fly!——
Rather be cruſh'd to Atoms, or be rack'd
An Age!---Hoh!—attend!---oppoſe their Paſſage!
(To 1ſt Gent. &c. who enter.

Saund. I know you're Men, worthy of *Cæſar*'s Fame;
Kill thoſe half Men!--ſcorn Fear!--think of Promotion!

SCENE III.

Enter to them MACKFRENZY *and Aſſiſtants.*

Mackf. So, Serpent Cunning!---Avarice diſguis'd!—
Monſters!—oh were you All in One! I'd ſweep
Your ſuper-neceſſary Calling off!—
And leave pure Virtue, to defend herſelf:—
---Baſe Hypocrites! who plunder in Pretence
To ſave!——

Saund. Perdition on the Wretch! who lifts
His Arm, againſt the Meſſengers of Heav'n!

Mackf. Of Hell!---down---down, Deceivers,
To your Doom! (Mackfrenzy's *Party drive* Saunders's
off the Stage, who retreat fighting.

SCENE IV.

Enter CAVENAUGH, *with his Sword drawn, as off of Action, looking about.*

Caven. I thought I heard th' enlivening Claſh of Swords,---
---But it hath hardly yet forſook my Ears---well:—
Thus far Succeſs—but the Arch-Traitors live,
And while *They* breathe, Rebellion cannot die:——
Thoſe Prieſts! who talk of Heav'n, and ſeem to pray!
Brood heavier Woes, than peſtilential Air:
Sure they are ſent by a Conſpiracy in Hell,
To fetter Reaſon, Innocence, and Love!——
This *Saunders*,— now I recollect,— I know:
Oh the deceitful Wretch!— how he has fawn'd!

Giv'n

Giv'n me his Hand! and whiſper'd in my Ear!
Smil'd with an Air of Fondneſs! call'd me his Child!
His Soul! and ſworn ſuch everlaſting Friendſhip,
Wou'd ev'n ſeduce forwarn'd Suſpicion,
And lull grave Judgment into frail Belief! ——
—Heaven prevent their Cunning!—or the Earth's
Their own; and Men of better Manners, muſt
Be blind Flies, caught in Cobweb Sophiſtry!
And ſpurn at Joys,—and groan throughout their Lives!
—The Treaſure, they ſeduc'd my Father of,
I will return into the Owner's Hands;
For his, cannot be mine, without Conſent.——
—And *Deſmond* too, has ſneak'd a while,— from Death!—
—Thoſe Prieſts, as Leopards trace the carrion Fox,
I'll hunt for Sport!—*That Deſmond* kill for Honour.
Once more good Steel, and Arm, be truſty as my Heart!

Enter ABLABIA.

Abla. A Life of Comforts, and eternal Bliſs,
To Cavenaugh, *embracing him.*] When I heard that you
was ſafe,
My Soul was Joy!—enrapturd when I ſaw you!——
But to embrace you thus!—*(embracing)* oh Words for
Extacy!——
Caven. Dearer than Life!—pure, charming, matchleſs Love!
Abla. Soul of my Soul!—But why your Sword unſheath'd?
Why do you ſtart and frown?—ſome vengeful Thought
Diſorders your whole Frame!—no Foes to kill!—
The Rebels are ſubdu'd!—they're dead, poor Men:——
—Thoſe angry Eyes!—threat they *Ablabia*?—
Caven. To be inrag'd with Innocence, my Mind
Muſt be eſtrang'd to Honour and to Love!
Ev'n Murther, Luſt, and Folly, wou'd riſe from
Their unholy States, to Adoration!
If converſant with you;—But, Angel! there
Are yet living, Jeſuits, and *Deſmond!*
Abla. Rewards will give up bad Men to the Laws:
Caven. Juſtice is Law,—and this ſhall put that Law
In Execution:
Abla. Spare, ſpare the faithleſs Wicked to repent!
Caven. Traytors and Jeſuits repent?— content

My Dear!—I'll take a Circuit, and return:
Leſs the Sun Beams their influence impart
To each near Orb, and manifeſt their Day;
More ſplendid Honour luminates my Heart;
Points out my Path;—and reprimands my Stay. (*Goes out.*

Abla. Guard, guard, angelick Pow'rs! that godlike Man!—
My tender Heart, with Joys and Fears beſet,
In Tranſport leaps,—then ſinks and throbs in turns!
—How ſtrange?—my Thoughts, againſt my Thoughts are driv'n;
—He falls,—I'm loſt;—but ſafe, and I'm in Heav'n,
But my dear Father, Siſter, and our Friends! [*Going out.*

SCENE V.

Enter CASTUS, KIRTHBY, *Officers, Soldiers,* ÆMULLA, *and* ABLABIA.

Caſt. Tyrants and Slaves are Strangers to thy Pow'r,
Bleſs'd Liberty!—oh moſt eſſential Bliſs!—
All other States furpaſſing, as Perfection,
Chaos!—moſt worthy Labour, Study, Pain,
To gain!—and once poſſeſs'd, to loſe,—is worſe
Than dreary Lands,—is worſe than ling'ring Death!—
—But to Reflect on't, elevates the Soul,—
Next Heaven to enjoy:—the earthly Heav'n!—

Æmu. It is of tender, yet of laſting Nature,
(From cank'ring Bribes, and Flattery ſecur'd;)—

Kirth. Eſſays to ſtrike its Baſis, in three Years
Have coſt the Rebels dear!—five hundred Souls
Of *Deſmond*'s Name and Race, all Gentlemen!
Beſides innumerable Hoſts of Vulgar!
Beneath its Proweſs have ſunk down to Earth:
And he is favour'd,—but to fall the laſt!

Caſt. Yet we are not quite bleſs'd, ſtill wanting *Cavenaugh*:

Abla. Dear, dear Perfection!—laviſh of his Life,
To purchaſe Honour!—reſtleſs with me he ſtaid;
And's in Purſuit of Jeſuits, and *Deſmond*!

Caſt. My old Heart leaps, when I reflect on Heav'n;
Paternal Heav'n! who with peculiar Care
Such Virtue ſhields, in deſperate Throngs of Death.

Kirth. How did he charge, thoſe Cowards in Deſpair!
The Troop that ſhun'd Lord *Grey*, by skeating o'er the Swamps,—

And doubly fought !---I cou'd but follow him !
—He drove the Numbers back who 'ſcap'd his Sword,
To meaner Deaths ;---ſome ſwallow'd up in Boggs !
And ſome ſuſpended by their Arms ! have Pow'r,
Juſt to cry out for Help, that can't aſſiſt !
And eat thoſe Hands, which us'd to earn their Bread !
One of their Chiefs half bury'd ! thrice cry'd, *Cavenaugh!*
---He ſtood amaz'd ! then thus beſpoke his Soul !
'Tis brave to ſuccour thoſe, who plead for Mercy :
And had I utter'd any other Words,
Than his *Ablabia*, Friends, and dearer Country ;
He'd plung'd the deathful Bogg to ſave his Foe,
Who in a Moment ſunk,---and *Cavenaugh* ſigh'd and wept!

Abla. What Pity Conquerors can't ſave the Conquer'd !

Æmu. What Pity
Merits Murther ?---Devaſtation ?---
Had they o'ercome us, our Lives,---our Country,
By them unpity'd ! wou'd have been deſtroy'd,
And ravag'd :---They have ſcarce their juſt Rewards,
Death, for intending Worſe !---and Hiſtory
Should be Particular, that future Ages
May be taught,---the dark Views of Jeſuits !
---And the Fate of *Deſmond !*

Abla. Hark, heard you not Groans ?---oh my dear *Cavenaugh !*
---Heavens, if they are his ! how ſhall I bear
The Tempeſt of my Soul ?---Diſtraction ſure
Will ſink my Reaſon, and deſtroy my Peace !
And like Ambition robb'd of Grandeur, fall
In Melancholy down :---Again !---the Notes
Of Agony !---the laſt as cruel Death
Devouring Strength, was murmur'd out quite faint.

Æmu. Strong Fancy, a weak Judgment will delude !
Fear, the tormenting Tyrant of your Soul,
Invades !---throw the baſe Paſſion off !—

Abla. Oh who is this, that like Diſtreſs, wanteth
Support ?---my *Cavenaugh !* with him—'tis his Father !

SCENE VI.

Enter CAVENAUGH, *&c.* MACFRENZY *brought in killed.*

Caven. In ſearch of Honour, I have met Confuſion ——
Here lay him down! that I may look on Death:——
—The Spring's choak'd up, and the dull Stream rills on:—
—Pity, and Fears, alternately prevail!—
—A ſudden Death!—upon a miſpent Life!—
—Reflection Natural!—Concluſion Horrid.

Caſtus. Summon a manly Reſignation, *Cavenaugh!*

Kirth. Beſides, to mourn when our Oppreſſor dies,
Seems piteous above the Pow'r of Nature!

Caven. Father, and Son, ſure are ſo near the ſame;
His Fall muſt ſhake me; were my Heart of Stone.—

Æmu. Huſband and Wife are one:—I've loſt my nobler Part,
And my Heart bleeds, due Tribute to my Head;
Heav'n knows, I lov'd him as my Soul!—But yet,
Won't fondle Earth, or viſibly lament;

Abla. Think of your happy Change in Life! my Dear!
And ſummon Pleaſure! to divert your Loſs;

Caven. Great Loſs! ſmall Gain!——but I have that in View,
(Sees Deſmond *at a Diſtance.*
Will more than make amends;—oh joyous Sight!—
—Fellows, your Diſtance!—*(To the Men who brought in* Mackveer, *attempting to follow him)* no ſecond for my Soul! *(Goes out.*

Kirth. What means his furious Flight?—ſaw you an Object
Of his Vengeance?

Abla. No:—may Heav'n defend him!

Serv. Perhaps the Jeſuits who kill'd his Father;
For they've eſcap'd:

Kirth. He'll deal their juſt Rewards:

Caſt. Bear Home that Picture of Mortality!
Dead, ſpeechleſs Leſſon! to a living Man!—

Kirth. Let us repair, to hail the Conqueror!
He's now diſperſing his unweary'd Troops;
Which done, will give us hearing:—Sir, lead on. *(To* Caſtus.

Caſt. Wou'd *Cavenaugh* was return'd, to plead his Suit!
But *Grey*'s a virtuous Man!—exalted State!—
The Soul pure Virtue, and high Knowledge Grace,

Is

Is near to Heav'n, whilſt the Man's on Earth;
Attendant Juſtice waits his lov'd Commands,
His Mercy, Balm of Sorrow, meets Diſtreſs
Half Way; and with a tender Hand relieves!
Thus *Grey*, cloſe Copy of the bleſt above,
High Pattern for frail wretched Men below!—
Grants ere we ask, and intercepts our Woe.

The END *of* ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Avenues in a Wood leading to Earl* Deſmond's *Seat in* Ireland: *A Cottage in View.*

Enter DESMOND *purſued by* CAVENAUGH.

Deſm. BE gone, mean Wretch!—how dare you in Purſuit
Of me, expoſe your Sword?
Caven. Daring to be Man!
Deſm. What Inſolence!——preſume you to moleſt
My Peace?—A Boy, ſcarce nobler than a Slave,
Chaſtize his Lord!—Out, baſe Servility!
Caven. Out, out Diſtinctions!—Man equals Man,
But whom ſuperior Virtues do exalt:—
You've been indulg'd by *England*'s Sovereign,
A petty Prince, and art become a Traytor!—
I am by Principle, a Loyal Subject;
Who has the Aſcendant?
Deſm. My Purſe muſt ſtop
His mercenary Tongue;—*(Aſide)* What, ſnarling ſtill?—
Here,—take this Cure of Wants, and Diſcontent!
—— ——Humble, and begone!—
Caven. Curſe on your poiſoning Gold! I'm a liege Subject;
Thought you by Bribes to intercept my Manhood,
—The Rot of Laws!—and Poiſon of the Realm!

Opium

Opium to States! and the back Stabs to Kings?
—Oh—I've not Patience to exceed
This Moment!
—Have at you, Traytor! *(They fight,* Desmond *falls.*

Desm. Oh!—Death storms!—and introduces Agony!
Curse on the Cause!—the Trifle, Bauble World;
Too curs'd with War! Want! Pestilence!—and Worse,
Ingratitude!—'Till gen'ral Woes, drown Ease;—
Fill ev'ry Sense, and Season with Disorder;
'Till Murther's fashionable;—and all Faith
Expung'd by papal Precept and Example;
'Till Nature starts, at her own horrid Products;
And 'till Mankind's so curs'd,—as ev'ry Man's
A *Def- Def- Desmond!*——

Eaven. Cease, wretched Soul! pray humble, and be sav'd!—
But to secure him!—*(Drags him into the Cottage*)* there
thou may'st lie obscure:
Stedfastly looking upon him after a Pause.) There was a Being, scarce
a Minute since;
Had Thought,—Speech,—Action,—a high-finish'd Man!
—And now the Earth, which bears that lifeless Mass,
As well can form Designs,—Harangue, or move!
The sturdy Oak, stab it or bore it through;
Its circulating Juice, will vegetate a Cure!
And Man puts off Existence with a Stab!
Chief Creature made!—yet his exalted Frame,
Can't bear Compunction, like a Worm!—too brittle,
And too finite for Eternity!—sent here,
Upon an arduous Task!—and ere we scale
The Work, are snatch'd away!—as abstract Man,
I sympathise his Fate!—but as my Country's Foe,
——Oh that he was the last!
Saturnian Days wou'd renovate their Birth;
And Virtue once more stoop, to reign on Earth.

——SCENE

* *In conformity to History.*

SCENE II.

Enter SAUNDERS *and* BLAKE.

Saund. I've heard of Stars! and magick Influence!
Oft fruſtrate Efforts, of the choiceſt Guile;
And lead the Wily, in the Snares they'd laid:
If Stars! have thus diſpens'd;—what fell Conjunction
Muſt preſide?—if magick Power!—ſure Hell
In Combination dire, indulg'd ſome few!
To cruſh a Multitude:

Blake. Why rave at Stars, and helliſh Pow'r?—why not
Alledge yourſelf, ſole Inſtrument?—when you
Had Power to impede,—at leaſt, our Woes!—

Saund. I the ſole Inſtrument?—I Pow'r t'impede?

Blake. When you'd ſeduc'd *Mackfrenzy*, of his Gold;—
Then was fit Opportunity for our Eſcape!
—Enrich'd ſufficient! and if not for you!—
Revolted *Kirthby*, and his Men, ſtill had
Been our Defence! deceiv'd by your Deceit!—
To reſt your Hopes upon our motly Boors!
The poor, defenceleſs Refuſe of the Land!—
By which curs'd Means, we're left, to bear the Stab!
Nay, Scoff of ev'ry Boy!—Oh ſhameful! dreadful State!

Saund. If you foreſaw th' Event, why not forewarn?—
Why did you approve?—

Blake. Did I approve it?

Saund. Yes.

Blake. Ceaſe thy falſe Tongue!—did I approve it?—
Dare you inſiſt on it?—if you do, ſpeak!
That I may ſhame you,—nay I'll buffet you
With Scorn;—I'll,—I'll,—I'll—ſeize your grieſly Beard,
I'll throw you to your Conſcience:

Saund. Are theſe harſh Terms, Returns for my Affection?
Think! by baſe Birth you had been ſtill, a Slave
To Tyranny, had not my Pity ſav'd you!

Blake. Sav'd me?—you have rather damn'd me:—you took
Me when Neceſſity had bent down Reaſon;
And made me pliant, even to combine
In horrid Deeds!—taught me the Intrigues of State!—
Grounds of Bigottry! deceiving Legions

T'enrich

T'enrich ourſelves!—if that's Affection,——
If that's Salvation—ſure Hell's moſt wondrous kind.

Saund. Come, come, be pacify'd! I have a Gem
Still left, will purchaſe Paſſage into *France*,—
Gold will petition our Acceptance there;
Will baniſh Fear, and awfully indulge:
Cheer up, dear *Blake!* and revel in Diſcomfit!

Blake. Thoſe Hopes are vain;—but Wealth affects not me;
—I've ſomewhat here, *(pointing to his Boſom)* encroaches ev'ry Thought;
Which like an Earthquake, in a temp'rate Clime,
Amazes with its dreadful Novelty!

Saund. Let us to *Smerwick!*—and there drown ſuch Thoughts
With chearful Wine, and chaſe away our Fears!

Blake. So! ſo! thou ſubtle Fiend! han't you ſeduc'd
Me long enough? and wou'd you tempt me on?
To add a Load of Sin, to ſink me deeper down!
Begone!—act it yourſelf! and bear its heavy Racks!

Pauſing.] No, he ſhall not. *(Aſide.)* —Hear, Monſter! and by my Tongue,
Grow dumb!—you're the now, hated Cauſe, of my
Deſtruction;—the Cauſe of Overthrow,
This Day to Thouſands!—Juſtice cries aloud
For Vengeance:—See this! *(Shews his Dagger)* and be as ſure of Death!

Saund. Dear Brother! what?—what will my Death avail?
Will it atone your Crimes?—will it recruit
The Loſs of Nations?—let us rather kneel!
Try how Repentance can aſſwage the Wrath
Of Heaven!—and the Wreeks of Conſcience!

Blake. What! when the Arm of Vengeance's rais'd to ſtrike,
Implore Reprieve?—and vow Repentance?—die
With your too late Thought!

Saund. Oh worſt Deception!—to be deſtroy'd
By whom I thought my Succour!—barbarous Man!—

Blake. Not to appeaſe myſelf, but aid the World,
You die:—if my Forgiveneſs would abſolve
Your Crimes, repair your Ruining, and impede
Your future Guilt;—you ſhou'd not want it:—but
It is impoſſible!—therefore!— *(Offering to ſtab him.*

Saund.

Saund. As we
Have liv'd in Love, let me not die deteſted!
Let me once claſp you in my Arms, and fondle on
My Ruin!—one kind Embrace!—one Token
Of your Friendſhip!

Blake. Here, take my Hand! and with
It my Forgiveneſs!—but without Heav'n's,
That is of little Service!
——Sink, ſubtle Soul!
(Saunder's *embracing him, draws his Dagger, and attempts a Paſs, which* Blake *evades, and ſtabs him.*
And meet what you deſerve!

Blake, after a Pauſe.) There lyes the Cauſe,
Here ſtands th' Effect!—a gazing Proſelyte
To Vice, wond'ring at its Nature!—If Sin
Sunk *Him*, what can ſupport *Me*,—equally
Debas'd?—oh Mountains! or more ſolid Rocks!
Roll your Amaſſment here!—cruſh me to nought!
Or that I live inſenſible!—vain!—vain
Deſires!—each ſteddy Thought alarms me of
Eternity,—and diſannuls mean Hope
Of future Stupefaction!
At ev'ry Pauſe, my Soul ſucks in Deſpair!
Which, like the ſulphurous Womb of *Ætna*,
Embroils its horrid ſelf!
If *Heav'n* delights in Good,—why thus oppreſs?—
—But huſh!—Good muſt accrue from Good,—and Ill
From Ill, by juſt Neceſſity:—what Claim
Then to Accuſation, or Excuſe,
When fell by Choice?—none!—none!—but oh, loſt!—loſt!
Inevitably loſt!——(*pauſing.*) Hah!—the grim Forms
Of Sin appear!—their Names engrav'd upon
Their frightful Fronts!—they ſtare me in the Face
With hateful Looks, as on the Wretch all guilty!——
—Murther firſt, with vizard Eyes, trembling in Blood!
—Pollution next, bearing a monſtrous Train!——
—Then baleful Envy, with her hiſſing Locks!——
—Drunkenneſs in its native, beaſtly Form!
—And big-ſwell'd Gluttony, breeding Diſorders!
—And laſt Ingratitude!—Monſter, beyond
Expreſſion horrid!—How they weep and gnaſh!—

—Now they attack me!—Stand off!—oh darling
Comfort!—*(ſtabs himſelf)* thus thou wilt ſink me from their
Graſps!
—Oh!—my Blood's on fire!—crack all my Veins! Bones
Break with Pain!—Brains turn with Terror!—and oh
—Torment me.——

SCENE III.

Enter Lord GREY, CASTUS, CAVENAUGH, KIRTHBY, *Officers and Soldiers,* ÆMULA *and* ABLABIA.

Grey. Can you produce the Body?
Caven. Yes, my Lord, *(Drags the Body out of the Cottage.*
Grey. Did he defend himſelf, or yield to Death?
Caven. He trembling fought;—and when he fell!—ſtaring
Confuſion, curs'd out his Breath;—and frown'd,
And ſhudder'd in his Agony—
Grey. A horrid Conſequence, of horrid Cauſe:—
—That Frame, which once attracted ev'ry Heart!
Smil'd Joys! frown'd Fears!—commanding with his Eyes!
Is now beneath the Wretch, who begs his Bread!—
He whom few Lords dar'd, Face to Face confront!
Muſt now be gaz'd upon by Vulgar Eyes!
One Day aſpiring, to ſurmount the Throne!
The next rais'd up, on ignominious Poles,
To waſte in Air!—My tender Pity drops
Some generous Tears!—but fear a Deluge
Cannot cleanſe his Spots!—oh moſt unhappy Grandeur!
Too much Ambition!—and too little Virtue!
But who are thoſe, dreſs'd up in Sable Suits?
As they had known their Fate, and mourn'd themſelves!
(Kirthby going to the Jeſuits.
Kirth. Praiſe Heav'n!—the chiefeſt Jeſuits are fall'n.
Grey. Where's their Learning now,—and where their Subtelties?—
—They, who wou'd have engroſs'd the flow'ry Land,
Shall now hang up in Trees, and want a Grave!—
Their mortal inbred Worms, will ſoon be Jeſuits
To them!—they'll ſcheme, and traverſe through their
nobleſt Parts!
Feed on their Feeders, where they chooſe, unfelt!
But how They'll bear the Stings, and Teeth, of thoſe
Ne'er-dying Worms! the Inmates of their Souls!

Foils

Foils my Conjectures:—Raiſe the Deceivers,
Higher than the Frail!—to Periſh!—Warning
To the Pride of Prieſts!

Kirth. My Lord! we have confin'd two other Jeſuits:

Grey. We'll leave them to the Mercy of the Laws;——
——I fear my manly Troops, will wait their Leader;
If any of you want, ſpeak free—I am
Your Fellow Creature, Subject, and your Friend,
In love with Virtue!—and thank Heav'n, my Word
Is ſacred as my Soul:—my higher Fortunes,
Or my Int'reſt, wait your Choice!—hide not your Grief!
Your Fears! or your Diſtreſs!—this 'mongſt your Men!
(*To* Kirthby.

Kirth. We'll follow you,—my Lord!—through Life to Death:—

Grey. What more?

Caſtus. Oh truly noble Lord, ſecure
To *Cavenaugh*, his patrimonial Rights!
Pity a brave, and loyal Son ſhould ſuffer
For the black Crimes of a rebellious Father!——

Grey. His Merit claims his Fortune:—— and my Pow'r
Confirms his Right, in all his Father held:

Caven. My great good Lord, accept my ſolemn Thanks!

Grey. You've done your Duty,—I have done but mine:
——My good old Friend! wherein can I ſerve you?

Caſtus. Thank your Lordſhip!—I've more than for myſelf
Convenient;—and I thank high Heav'n,
I do impart to others, who have not:
And all the giddy Mirth, and Pomp of Life;
To me are jingled Sounds, and golden Chains.

Grey. —Happy Man!

Abla. Heavens protect your Honour!

Æm. Such Honour! never fails the Care of Heav'n:
You follow me, Promotion ſhall attend. (*To Kirthby.*

Grey. Prepare to march!—yet halt!—ſcorn Negligence!
Or Pride!——ſtill guard your Rights!——aſcribe Succeſs
To Heav'n!——think you are bleſs'd, by being means
To help your Nation in Diſtreſs!—and that,
To ſerve in the Defence of Liberty,
Is more exalted than to reign o'er Slaves:——
Deſpiſe the painted Face of Tyranny!
And ſpurn Invaders Gold!——or if at Home,

Lurking

Lurking Corruption ſhould attack our Laws!
As the She-Tiger, of her Young depriv'd,
Foils each Impediment, 'till ſhe o'ertakes
The Foe;—relentleſs then, tears out his Soul,
And reaſſumes her own;———Rouze Courage up,
And cruſh the undermining Traytors down!--
Rebellion then, will ſculk to diſtant Shores;
And leave the happy Land, exulting, free!
Thus by Experience taught, th' unerring Way,
To ſuccour Liberty, from baſe Decay;
Fold to your Breaſts th' ineſtimable Prize;
Defend her glorious Cauſe, 'till each Poſſeſſor dies.

FINIS.